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government, officials of the Livestock Association, and the Diplomatic Corps, ~~was seen fully occupied~~. Secretary B of Agriculture Duhaui was there, as well as Sr. Brebia and Sr. *Beyno*, who had just returned from his post as agricultural attache at London to become chief of the Livestock Bureau, wearing silk hats, passed about on the platform greeting friends. The President, Sr. Justo, made a grand entrance in a large automobile ^{with} ~~and~~ guards and took his place on the platform. The outer gates were closed just in time to head off the American Ambassador and Mr. Nyhus so that they had to join the crowd outside the rails. It was impossible for them to reach the grand stand. Somehow neither Mr. Theis nor I could feel sorry for the Ambassador because of his pomposity. Later Mr. Nyhus told us how they had walked about in the garden of the Embassy talking about nothing in particular and as the time approached he ventured to suggest that they should proceed to the exhibition grounds, but the Ambassador said there was plenty of time and it would not do to get there too early. The Embassy was only two city blocks from the exposition grounds and yet they were too late to enter.

The president of the Livestock Association made a brief introductory address and was followed by Minister Duhaui. Then the animals that had been entered were brought in procession about the great parade ground grouped by breeds, including cattle, horses, and sheep. These animals in the pink of condition and the vast throngs made an interesting spectacle but it was so long drawn out as to become very tiresome, and there was no escape until it was over and the dense crowd began to disperse. We found our way to a large pavilion, were joined by the disgusted Mr. Nyhus, and had a whiskey and soda. Then we inspected the dog kennels in another pavilion where a dog show was under way. We returned to the hotel and had another whiskey and soda. Mr. Leudkte took us to the grill restaurant Pedro where we had a

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satisfactory supper. I was very tired and would gladly have excused myself but it was difficult. It was 11 p.m. when we returned to the hotel and I told my companions not to look for me tomorrow because I proposed to sleep all night and all the next day and night if I could.

The long sleep I had the night before had done me a lot of good and for the first time in a week I was free from neuritic pains and my cold was better.

Received a rather characteristic letter from mother about Eunice who is very near to her heart.

Sunday, 2 Sept., B.A. Went to bed at 11 p.m. last night and slept through until 4 p.m. today. Had a bath, dressed, and went out for something to eat, Had eggs, toast, peanuts, and tea. Returned to my room and laid down and slept until 7 p.m. when Mr. Nyhus came and wakened me. I joined him at 8 p.m. and we had supper at Conte's. I was not hungry and ate but little. Felt tired and weak and had trouble with a stitch in my right side that made breathing difficult and short.

Monday, 3 Sept., B.A.; bright and warm. Did not sleep well. At the office simply sat around with no desire to do anything. At 3 p.m. I went with Messrs. Theis, Nyhus, and Leudkte to the Department of Agriculture and had a very satisfactory interview with Mr. Brebia regarding the cable message from Secretary Wallace. He showed me a similar cable message they had received from their representative at London and their reply, a copy of which he promised to send to me at the office. We returned to the office to frame a reply to Secretary Wallace, not an easy undertaking with such men as Theis and Nyhus, no matter how simple the information to be conveyed.

Had Miss Short telephone to Mr. Goldart at the Department of Agriculture to ask him to take luncheon with me some day.

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In the course of our conversation with Mr. Brebia he said that last October the situation up country was getting serious because of the dissatisfaction with the low price and lack of market for ~~their~~ wheat, the price being below cost of production, and ^{farmers} ~~they~~ were getting out their guns and making ominous threats of revolution. The exporting firms feared their warehouses and other equipment would be destroyed. That was when the government intervened with its guaranteed price to avert further trouble, ^{he said} ~~and~~ that the wheat control board would be suspended wherever the price of ~~the~~ wheat in the world markets rose well above the guaranteed price. He said that a bill providing for a country wide system of grain elevators had become a law and a commission was appointed to determine their size and location. Also that a great road building program had ~~also~~ been authorized and that a bill providing for the uniform grading of all grain was pending.

Before leaving the department we called at the Livestock Bureau to see if an invitation could be obtained to visit an estancia. I had announced that I would ~~if~~ prefer not to go because I had already seen several. It was really the idea of Mr. Nyhus which he pursued with his usual persistence, because Mr. Theis did not care to go.

We had supper together at Conte's and separated, Mr. Theis to join some of his Kansas City friends and Mr. Nyhus to take the night boat to Montevideo to meet his wife. I went to bed.

Tuesday, 4 Sept., B.A.; ~~ddd~~// cloudy and misty. Slept well last night and woke up sleepy. After breakfast I went to the Munson Line office and filled out a transportation request for passage on the Pan America to leave the following Saturday. Stopped in the Boston Bank for ~~some~~ Argentine money. Had luncheon and slept from 1.30 to 6.30 p.m. At 7.30 I went to the Juston Restaurant for supper. I

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did not see Mr. Thesis all day and Mr. Nyhus was in Montevideo. I certainly enjoyed being alone and eating by myself for the first time since leaving Washington. After supper I walked along the Cabildo and stepped into a cabaret. I took a little table and was joined by an attractive young woman in evening gown. There was cheerful music and dancing and pretty faces to look at. We were joined by two other young women and I paid for a bottle of wine and cigarets. I was enjoying myself until I came to pay for the servings and then I called a halt, much to the disgust of my fair companions, settled the bill and left. I walked back to the hotel and went to bed about midnight.

Wednesday, 5 Sept., B.A.; cloudy and raining. Called at the office and then on Sr. Estrada at the offices of the Pacific Railway Company. I had met him several times ten years previously. He looked older than when I last saw him, just as I suppose I did. He could speak English and talked very frankly about his work of introducing better methods of growing, packing, and shipping the fruits of Argentina.

I returned to the hotel in time to meet Mr. Geldart, my former secretary, and I took him down to the grill room for luncheon. Most of his conversation was about his little family, his cottage, and his official salary, which he said was the same as it was ten years previously. He ^{ai} said that soon after Irrogoyen became President the entire force of the statistical bureau was discharged and replaced by officials and employes who knew absolutely nothing about the work. He had tried to find employment without success. His scanty savings were soon exhausted and he became desperate. In this mood he returned to the bureau and told the new chief that he had come back to work. The chief listened to his statement of experience and told him he might stay. Then when the revolution came Dr. Urien was reinstated and he, Mr. Geldart, was placed in charge of the accounting department.

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He said tht Dr. Winters, the cotton specialist, had left before his contract expired under a cloud, the charge being that he was diverting lands or funds to his own use. He said that of all the foreign experts that had been employed by the government I was the only one who had given entire satisfaction.

I learned from Sr. Estrada that Mr. Schultz, whom I had met in Salta or Jujuy in 1924, was then the assistant director of the experiment station in Tucuman.

After Mr. Geldart left at 2 p.m. I went to bed and slept until 7 o'clock. I was just thinking of getting up when Mr. Nyhus called. He had with him his two little girls, one about three and the other about one year old. He did not stay but returned an hour later to say that the children would not go to sleep and he proposed to stay with them if I would take his wife out to dinner. I took her to Conte's and we had an excellent supper and a very agreeable evening. She was a tall and very lovely woman and the children were attractive. After returning to their rooms Mr. Nyhus brought out some brandy he had purchased in Montevideo that was very good. I left them at 11 p.m.

Thursday, 6 Sept., B.A.; cloudy and warmer. I was awakened at 10 a.m. by a telephone message from David Currier to whom I had written. I went down and we had breakfast together. He left at 11 a.m. and agreed to meet me at the London Grill at 1 p.m. There we had luncheon together. He told me about the death of his father, my old friend of War Department days, how his mother fell asleep in a rocking chair in the back yard, and his marriage to Elizabeth whom I had met in 1928, about the loss of their first baby, how his company had abolished all offices and salaries in the Argentine, and how he and his wife had rented a small place and were raising chickens and selling fresh eggs to the various steamships with which he had connections.

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He promised to bring his wife to take luncheon with me tomorrow.

I had an appointment to take Mr. Nyhus to the statistical bureau of the Ministry of Agriculture at 3 p.m. to introduce him to the division leaders and ask them to explain to him their work but the appointment was cancelled on account of a half holiday. Also I had an invitation to take luncheon at the Jockey Club but declined so that I could lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Currier.

I returned to the hotel at 3.15 p.m. and went to bed and to sleep. I got up at six o'clock because I was sure Mr. Nyhus would call, and he did with his two children. . Then I sat still and feeling very weak and uncomfortable until 8.30 p.m. Then I went down. Mr. Theis was giving a dinner to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Yerkes and their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Nyhus, Mr. Leudkte and I, and later we were joined by Mr. Eccles, in charge of the meat packing plant at Rosario, and his daughter. The men danced with the women from time to time during the progress of the meal. It was 1.30 a.m. when the party broke up. I had several drinks and a good cigar. I felt very tired but better than I had during the day.

Mrs. Yerkes was from Kansas City and had relatives living in Rockford, Illinois, my birth place, and ~~said~~ said she knew Major Nichols and his family. This was the family with whom we lived one year on a farm near Paris, Texas, when I was a boy.

As I went to bed I had the comforting thought that there would be only one more night in Buenos Aires.

Friday, 7 Sept., B.A.; heavy rain last night with wind; clearing today. I felt badly in the morning and wished I had no engagements. Walked to the office at 9.30 a.m. We had an appointment with the president of the Boston bank, arranged at the request of Messrs. Theis and Nyhus, but both were away at the time and Mr. Leudkte had to cancel it, much to his disgust. I did some reading and returned

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to the hotel at 12.20 p.m. Soon afterwards I went down to the reception room and in about half an hour David and Elizabeth Currier came in. He was dressed up for the occasion. She was fresh and plump and very cordial. I reminded her that the first time I met her she had not objected to my kissing her. She laughed and said "Of course not." Whereupon I kissed her this time and again on parting. She seemed to enjoy the luncheon very much and I suspect it was partly because they had been living on a little farm and she rarely came to the city. She enjoyed the food, the surroundings, and the music and service, as all people do who rarely have an opportunity to experience them. David said it was her first vacation in nearly a year and they planned to stay all night and go to a picture show. She ^{ai}said that besides their chickens they had seven dogs, three cats, a parrot, and several other pets. She said they lived about three miles from the railway station, Estacion Garcia, F.C.C.A., about thirty miles from Buenos Aires, and that when it rains the road is nearly impassable. She told how she and David called at a German institution of some kind to meet a woman who had answered their advertisement for a servant. In the course of conversation it developed that the woman had lived in Philadelphia, as Elizabeth had, and in comparing notes they found that both had lived in Germantown, on the same street, and lastly in the same house, and that she had been employed by Elizabeth's aunt. Just one more instance of people meeting at unexpected places in a foreign country. Before leaving Elizabeth asked if she might write to my wife and ask her to call on her mother and write to her about the family, because she belonged to a family that would not answer letters. It had been a very friendly and agreeable meeting and luncheon and when we parted I grasped David's hand and kissed Elizabeth. When they passed out on the sidewalk they turned to wave a last farewell.

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not hungry. Then back to the rooms of Mr. Nyhus where we had some cherry brandy and a long talk. I was extremely tired and excused myself at 11 p.m. Then for about an hour I packed some of my things and addressed labels for the baggage.

Again I had a pleasant feeling when I thought that in another twenty-four hours I would be on board ship and free from appointments and people, obligations and responsibilities, and could do what I pleased and sleep when and as long as I pleased. For more than two weeks I had been suffering from neuritis that ^{made} ~~was~~ walking or other form of exertion very painful, and my eyesight was not so good. I hoped that the rest on the long sea voyage would greatly improve my health.

Saturday, 8 Sept., B.A.; cloudy and raining. The great day for departure had come. At 10.30 a.m. Messrs. Theis, Nyhus, and I went to the Embassy Chancery and had a brief farewell interview with Ambassador Weddell. Returning to the office we called on ~~the~~ Consul Warren and his assistant, and on Mr. Smith, the Trade Commissioner. Then to the hotel. We had learned that the ship would not sail at noon as per schedule but would wait for deeper water sometime in the afternoon. I had Messrs. Theis, Nyhus, and Leudkte, and Mr. Ringwalt, with me for luncheon. Settled our accounts and at 2.30 p.m. went in two automobiles to the steamer. We were ^{re}signed to nice cabins on the top deck. After getting settled I went down to the smoking room and found the Yerkes family there to see Mr. Theis off. We sat on sofas and drank cocktails, smoked and talked. There was much noise and confusion. Dr. Henry came aboard and I saw him for the last time. Gradually everybody talked himself out and began to leave. At 5 p.m. I went to my cabin and slept until 7.

Mr. Theis and I were assigned to the same table and later a

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little Spanish gentleman and a sturdy Swiss were assigned to the same table with us. They were rather noncommunicative and I learned later that both were commercial travelers. I ordered a bottle of wine sent up. Mr. Theis was sleepy and left promptly. I sat awhile to try to talk to the other two gentlemen.

I went to my cabin at 8.30 p.m. and unpacked. For the first time in several days I was comfortably warm. Among the things I had to look after was some small presents Mr. Nyhus had asked me to take to friends in the Department of Agriculture at home. Also he gave both Mr. Theis and I a set of dice and two leather cups for the game "Beday, Bedue," with the legend "Bell Bottom Trousers" on the outside in memory of the theme song on the voyage down.

Sometime during the evening or night the ship got under way but I knew nothing of it and was probably asleep. It was murky outside and nothing could be seen after dark.

Sunday, 9 Sept., at sea; partly cloudy, with beautiful sea and some wind. I slept until 9 a.m., had breakfast brought to my cabin, and then slept until 11 a.m. when I was awakened by the steward who brought a table assignment with the captain. I regretted this because while a seat at the captain's table is considered something of a distinction it involves a certain obligation to be punctual and dignified and restrained. I went down to the smoking room, had a whiskey and soda and a smoke and felt quite comfortable and very cheerful.

Last evening I met Mr. Fealy, former commercial attache at Buenos Aires, who was on his way to Rio. Curiously enough I was in his old office yesterday and wondering what had become of him.

Had a good luncheon at the captain's table, without the captain. Mr. Theis and I were seated together with a young married couple from Salta on my left. On the other side of Mr. Theis was a solid

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gentlemen with a stern and forbidding face and a positive manner of speaking that admitted of no argument or comment. Later I learned as a great secret that he was aⁿ agent of a munitions firm in the United States and was drumming up business in South and Central America. Between him and the captain's chair was a Mrs. Cox, a lovely lady who was on the same ship that brought us ^{down} to ~~Buenos Aires~~ and she stopped at the same hotel in Buenos Aires, so we were already acquainted.

I slept from 2 to 6 p.m. I went down to the smoking room and sat with Mr. Fealy. We were soon joined by Mr. Theis and Mrs. Fealy and we all had cocktails. Mr. Fealy said that for the last ^rthree years he had served as American Minister to Bolivia, and to catch this boat he and his wife had flown across the Andes. He had established a connection with an export house in New York and was now going about making contacts with future customers.

After supper Mr. Theis and I went to the smoking room and sat awhile. He suggested that we make separate reports to the Secretary upon our return to which I readily agreed.

For the last week or two I had been sleeping heavily and comfortably at every opportunity, but suffered a good deal with swelling, stiffness, and pain in my joints, especially fingers, wrists, knees, and ankles, so that at times it was difficult to walk and especially difficult to go up or down steps. Also my eyesight was dimmer than when I made the trip down. This was disappointing because I had thought the sea voyage would benefit me and this recurrence of physical disability would make it impossible to continue in service in case an assignment was found for me upon my return to Washington.

Monday, 10 Sept., at sea; bright sunshine, pleasant temperature, and agitated sea. Did not sleep well because the cabin was

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cold and I got up at intervals to smoke and pile more covering on the bed. Had breakfast in the cabin and got up at 11 a.m. Had trouble in dressing because of swelling, stiff, and clumsy fingers. Went down to the smoking room and had a bottle of beer. Tried to walk some but both sides of the deck were crowded with players and it was not easy to get about. Slept all the afternoon and went down just before supper as sleepy as ever. Captain Simmons was at the supper table and conversation very slow and awkward.

Went to my cabin at 8.45 p.m. and to bed shortly thereafter.

Tuesday, 11 Sept., Santos; clear, warm and pleasant, with rippling sea. I was awakened at 10 a.m. by the steward who brought in breakfast. Had a warm bath and dressed slowly. My neuritic pains not so severe but feeling debilitated and languid so that it takes an effort of the will to do anything. It required tremendous effort on my part simply to dress. I enjoyed the luxury of sitting in a comfortable chair. If it were not for Mr. Theis I would probably spend all my time in bed.

Shortly after noon I got out the typewriter and my notes and ^{typed} ~~ran off a copy of~~ "Bell Bottom Trousers," the theme song on our voyage down, ^{copies of} which I had promised Messrs. Theis and Nyhus..

The ship drew into the wharf at Santos about 3 p.m. and Mr. Theis and a number of passengers went ashore, some of them to remain in Santos but most of them to go to Sao Paulo, Mr. Theis to go ^{thence} by rail to Rio and rejoin the ship there.

Had supper with Mr. Wade, the munitions salesman, and afterwards we sat and talked awhile in the smoking room. He was the most dogmatic man I ever met. Also he was the best (or worst) exponent of gloom I ever met. He predicted socialistic, communistic, and cataclysmic revolution and disaster in the United States and in all other countries. He looked as if he believed it. I suspect it was a part

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of his selling patter. I was not sorry to learn that he would leave the ship at Rio.

Wednesday, 12 Sept. Santos; misty and light rain; rather warm. Did not go to sleep until after midnight and awoke at 10 a.m. Neuritis better. Early afternoon I went to my cabin, partly undressed, and started drafting a shorthand report to the Secretary. Made better progress than I expected and worked until 7 p.m. The young couple that sat next to me at the table returned ^{from São Paulo} in time from supper. They had been to São Paulo and said it rained steadily until 4 o'clock. I went to the cabin at 9 p.m. as the ship was being pulled out into the harbor. It was a quiet dark day. Wreathes of white cloud floated on the side of the green mountains and made a pretty picture.

Thursday, 13 Sept., Rio; cloudy and rain. We had a rough night with high seas and much booming, rattling noise. I did not go to sleep until 4 a.m. and to pass the time sat in a chair, smoked, and sipped cognac. Got up at 10 a.m. as we were entering the harbor of Rio. There was much fog and racing whitecaps. The mountain peaks projected above the fog and clouds in beautiful fashion. The harbor was full of shipping. It was noon when we docked. I was very tired. Mr. Theis came aboard and we had luncheon together. He had enjoyed his trip and spent the night at the Flora Hotel. He asked if I would lend him some money to enable him to buy an aquamarine ring for his wife and if I would take some of the presents he had bought in my suitcases. His were full and he was afraid he had exceeded his customs allowance.

I went ashore in the afternoon and took a taxi to the Bank of Canada to buy a small amount of Brazilian money, but the clerk was very supercilious and said I should go to one of the street brokers. I walked several squares and found one, but it was so crowded I left

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without getting what I wanted. I had just a little local money left over from my former visit and thought maybe it would be enough. I was out of razor blades. I had asked the ship's barber for some and he seemed offended and said if he could shave me daily for fifty cents a shave. So I started out to find some Gem blades. I went to three places to which I was directed without finding what I was looking for. I was desperately tired and sat at one of the sidewalk restaurants and had a cocktail and a short rest. Then I started my search again, walking six or eight blocks. At last I found a shop with Gem razors and blades but the clerk refused to sell them separately. So I paid the equivalent of \$2 for a holder that sold in the United States for fifty cents, just to get some extra blades. It took all the Brazilian money I had. Then I walked six or eight blocks and found an exchange broker^r who gave me \$15 for 60 Argentine pesos. I took a taxi back to the steamer, very tired and glad we were not to enter another port for several days.

Mr. Theis received a copy of the Buenos Aires Herald containing a farewell interview with us the afternoon of our departure. Several passengers that were with us on the downward voyage joined the ship at Rio, Mrs. Cox, Miss Tillo, Mr. and Mrs. Fram (the Norwegians' friends of Mr. Nyhus), Mrs. Elkins and her son Paul, and one or two others.

Friday, 14 Sept. at sea; clear, rather warm, calm sea. I could not sleep during the night because of neuritis, especially in my knees. Felt very tired, very weak, and ached all over. Slept practically all day.

Saturday, 15 Sept., at sea; a lovely day with blue sky and a rippling sea. Had trouble in sleeping at night because of aching pains. Because of the growing heat I dressed in light underwear and linen and felt a little chilly. However, the pains were absent. Spent most of the day in the smoking room smoking and drinking and feeling

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more optimistic but cannot think of doing any work. Have a feeling of great lassitude and a desire to lie down most of the time. Slept most of the afternoon.

Sunday, 16 Sept., at sea; another beautiful day of bright sunshine, mild temperature, and a shingling rippling sea with schools of glittering flying fish. I was feeling only moderately well. Still have many aches and pains and difficulty in dressing and getting up and down stairs.

In conversation with Miss Tillo, the Russian lady, after telling her some of the things I had noted in Palestine, she said "That is fascinating; why don't you write a book?" Mrs. Cox made a similar remark later.

Had an excellent supper, followed by picture show on the after deck, which I had difficulty in seeing and had to leave to avoid further eye strain.

Monday, 17 Sept., at sea; a lovely day, blue sky, rippling sea, many flying fish, and very hot. Overcome with lassitude and dizziness. Could not get up enough energy to do any typewriting. No appetite. After supper there was a game of keno. I sat and watched awhile with two ladies and then excused myself. I started to go to my cabin and was stopped by Mrs. Elkins, the very fat Jewess, who asked me to sit and talk to her. I tried to excuse myself but she was insistent. After a few minutes I felt chilly and began to shiver and feel badly and said I would simply have to leave her. She tried to detain me, saying she wanted to tell me just how I could get rid of all pain if I only had faith, and could she lend me some literature on the subject. I said, "I'm sorry; I'm in great distress; I must go to my room; Good night," and walked away as fast as my condition would permit. I was very angry at her blindness or heartlessness, I could not decide which. Thereafter I avoided her sys-

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tematically.

Tuesday, 18 Sept.; clear and calm; beautiful sea, but oppressively hot. The ship crossed the Equator at 8.30 a.m. I slept until 11 a.m. and it took me until noon to dress. Felt badly. Had no breakfast, ate little for luncheon, and no supper. Sat in the smoking room in the evening, had two whiskeys and sodas and several smokes, and tried to walk some on deck, but found it very difficult because of neuritis.

Wednesday, 19 Sept., at sea; a beautiful day, sky and sea, but very hot. I stayed up until after midnight last night and slept better for it. I was restless during the day and from time to time would try to walk about the deck, but it was painful and I soon tired. Finished my supply of tobacco this afternoon and will try going without for awhile.

Thursday, 20 Sept., at sea; cloudy and hot. Did not sleep well last night and feeling badly. Tried to do some writing, but no use. Weak and no appetite. Spent the afternoon in bed but could not sleep for pains in arms and legs.

At the supper table the captain said Lowell Thomas had announced the capture of one of the Lindburg baby kidnappers in Brooklyn who had agreed to disclose the names of two other conspirators.

Retired at 9.30 p.m.

Friday, 21 Sept., Trinidad; clear and very hot. We passed some islands about 6 a.m. and entered the harbor of Port of Spain about 8 o'clock. After breakfast most of the passengers went ashore but I remained on the boat partly because of my weakness and partly because I had spent several weeks there in 1929. I was fairly comfortable lying down but could not sleep because a gang of seamen were chipping off rust and painting just outside my cabin. The passengers returned in the late afternoon much excited over purchases of souve-

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nirs, most of it cheap junk. I ordered a bottle of cognac but the steward said all liquors were under seal while the ship was in port. I had no appetite for supper. Suspect one reason why I was so weak was my aversion to food.

Saturday, 22 Sept., at sea; a lovely clear, warm day. The ship sailed from Port of Spain last evening. I got my bottle of cognac and took a liberal dose, went to bed, and slept straight through to ~~kixam~~ noon. Spent most of the day in bed. Supper at the captain's table was a severe trial to me because I had no appetite, the captain and others lingered long, and I did not have the courage to excuse myself before they were through.

In the evening Mr. Theis brought in two bottles of sherry wine, some souvenirs, and a ring for his wife which he ~~was~~ⁱ asked me to get through customs for him. I immediately filled out the customs declaration so that everything would be in order when we arrive in New York.

Sunday, 22 Sept., at sea; a lovely day with a beautiful sunset and a full moon afterwards. Relatively free from pain but so enervated with lassitude that I ^{could not} ~~cannot~~ think of doing anything but sit or lie down. I ^{stood} ~~stand~~ up or walk ^{ed} with great difficulty because my knees ^{would} give out and fail me. Fortunately people ^{had} been letting me alone the last ten days because they understand I ^{was} ~~am~~ ill.

We were about opposite Cuba and this evening got New York over the radio for the first time.

Monday, 24 Sept., at sea; a lovely day with a beautiful sunset. Feeling better than for some weeks; very little pain and not so much crippling stiffness. Hoping this will last until I reach home. In the evening there was a game called "Treasure Hunt," where those participating had to look for things in all sorts of impossible places on three decks. This was so long drawn out that it became

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tiresome and was called off at 10.30 p.m. and prizes were awarded. This resulted in much hilarity. While it was in progress I sat in the smoking room and smoked and sipped cocktails.

Tuesday, 25 Sept., Bermuda; a clear hot day and a calm sea. Did not sleep well and not feeling so well today.

I dressed at 8 a.m. as the boat came to anchor in Castle Harbor. ~~One~~ We were a considerable distance out and one could see the rocky semicircular shore with scattering white buildings. No other ship was in sight. The ship discharged nearly a thousand packages into a lighter and got away about 1 p.m. Some of the passengers were much disappointed that they could not go ashore, although several new passengers came out to the boat.

While waiting in the smoking room I overheard a large man who seemed to be in charge of the tug boat that handled the deep sea diving apparatus of Prof. Beebe telling about it to some other passengers. He said the tug was fitted up especially to handle heavy weights and that usually all went well when the diving bell or cell was descending or ascending but there was trouble whenever it stopped because the great weight of the cable pulled it over on its side and caused it to oscillate. He said the cell had been down 3,500 feet.

Just as I started to read the daily radio bulletin Mr. ^SElkins, the large Jewess whom I had tried to avoid for some days, came up to where I was sitting and introduced a Mrs and Mrs. Turley. They were an old couple who said they were from England and had lived in Trinidad for twenty years and ~~he~~ had a plantation. The old gentleman turned out to be a great bore because he had a preposterous theory that he confessed he could not explain or express and yet he persisted in talking about it. He started off by saying that when Dr. Steinmetz, the great engineer of the General Electric Company, was asked in what direction science would make the most progress in future

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he had replied, after much pondering, "In the spiritual field." With this introduction the old gentleman proceeded to explain that the whole universe is spiritual, the physical world being simply an outward manifestation of the spiritual, and that there is no such thing as plant or animal disease, maladies or pests, and if there appears to be adverse conditions, such as extreme drouth, excessive rainfall, floods or hurricanes, they can all be prevented or controlled by spiritual means. He did not know just how but he was sure that a way could be found if our scientific specialists and laboratories would concentrate on the problem instead of wasting their time with drugs and chemicals. He wanted to know if I thought the United States Department of Agriculture would undertake such a project and ^I said I did not think so because all its resources were fully occupied. I asked him why he did not try out his theory on his own plantation as a demonstration, but he said he lacked the technical training. I asked why he did not bring his theory before the staff of the College of Tropical Agriculture in Trinidad where he lived and he said he had thought of that but was sure they would think he was a crazy. He wanted to know what I thought about it. I asked him in turn what I could think about it when I knew that a speck of poison, a chemical, would kill a bug as dead as a door nail, whereas all the prayer of all the believers in the world would have no effect whatever on the bug which would continue to live and thrive on animals or plants and in a single season would produce millions of progeny. I suggested that before he attempted to expound his theory or asked anybody else to spend time or money on it that he demonstrate to his own satisfaction that by spiritual means alone he could control, prevent, or influence the weather, or a colony of ants, or a nest of hornets, or an invading host of locusts. He wanted to argue the question by but I excused myself. Thereafter he would often look hopefully in my

(1934, Sept. at sea)

E--5017

direction and I would nod and pass hastily on. It was a curious case, because he was a big kindly old gentleman who had spent most of his life in a large farm in England and he seemed to be quite reasonable about everything else except his theory that the forces of nature could be ^{controlled} ~~sured~~ by spiritual means originating in the brain of man.

Had a nap in the afternoon. In the evening we had the Captain's Dinner, which to me was an ordeal because of the heat, the noise, and the duration of the performance. I slipped away to the smoking room at 8.45 p.m. I was pleased to think we would have only one more day and night. I rather dreaded the ordeal of customs examination, catching the train, and getting down to Washington, because of my neuritis. This made it difficult for me to stand or walk. The joints were so stiff that at times I could distinctly hear them pop when I moved and each movement caused severe pain. This condition was a great disappointment, because when I accepted so gladly this last assignment I was steadily improving in health and had expected to continue to improve, and now I was in worse condition than ever. I felt strongly that if I had been sent to Argentina alone and could have had complete control of my time instead of being tied to others I would not have suffered a relapse and would have accomplished the mission more quickly and satisfactorily. Also this relapse meant that I would not be in physical condition to remain in service in the event I had the opportunity.

Wednesday, 26 Sept., at sea; a lovely day, but still very hot. In the afternoon I packed up most of my things. Restless and attempted to take some exercise on deck but it was painful and disappointing.

Thursday, 27 Sept., N.Y., Washington; went to bed with fan going, but it turned cooler in the night and I shut it off.

Every one was awakened and asked to get up at 6 a.m. I washed, shaved, and dressed, and then tried to find the steward to help fasten my luggage, but he was nowhere to be found and I had to struggle with it myself. A little difficult with crippled fingers and arms. Then there was a long gloomy wait. At 8 a.m. we were told we could have breakfast. I tipped the stewards. Mr. Theis asked me to lend him some money to pay his way to Washington. I let him have fifty dollars. It was long after 10 a.m. when the ship finally docked on the Brooklyn side. Then there was a long wait for the baggage to be unloaded in the customhouse. Another wait for the inspector. While waiting I sat on a suitcase. Mrs. Elkins, the Jewish lady, brought up members of her family to be introduced. I greeted them as pleasantly as I could and then sat down again. My inspector was very agreeable. All he asked to see was the two things Mr. Theis had entrusted to my care and these he passed readily. Then he said he remembered me and he recalled the occasion when a New Jersey Congressman became obstreperous and threatened to have him discharged because he enforced the rule requiring live plants to be sent to the Department of Agriculture for examination and observation and I had said that I would back up the inspector. He said that when he made his report he gave my name and address, and instead of being discharged or reprimanded he had been commended.

After passing customs I took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. The driver took me an interminable distance up and down the streets of Brooklyn, crossed one of the bridges, ~~dewve~~ down to the Battery, and followed the broad avenue near the waterfront. He acted as if he had never made the trip before and charged me four dollars.

At the station I engaged two porters, one to check the large pieces through and the other to guard the remainder, while I got railway and Pullman tickets. This took some time because each of

(1934, Sept. NyY.-Washington)

E--5019

the ticket agents seemed to have a woman on his hands who wanted to have her ticket changed and to figure out one or more itineraries. When I got the tickets I had to have some of the larger pieces checked and this took a long time because there was only one old man to issue and record the checks. These waits seemed the longest I had ever experienced for the same purpose and I wondered if they were actually longer or just seemed so because I was in such physical distress. In the station Mr. Theis came to me and I returned to him his ring and he said if I would call at his office the following day he would repay ~~me~~ the money I had lent him. I sent a telegram to wife advising her that I would spend the night at the Cosmos Club, visit the Department tomorrow, and telephone her as soon as I knew anything definite. I had to set my watch back an hour because the ship had been using New York daylight saving time and New York had gone back to standard time. I got a seat in a chair car about fifteen minutes before the train left at 11.30 a.m.

We ran through a heavy rain near Baltimore. Reached Washington at 4.30 p.m. Got my baggage into a taxi and was driven to the Cosmos Club where I was given a small clean room.

While in Buenos Aires I had a letter from mother in which she said that my niece, Eunice, was much hurt because she thought I did not approve of her and was delighted because I had written her a short letter. To further set her mind at rest I decided to take her and her husband, Charlie, to a restaurant for supper with me. Unfortunately she had no telephone and lived on the top floor of a small ~~apart~~ apartment house with no elevator. I knew that it would be an ordeal for me to climb those steps, especially as I was desperately tired, but I thought I could make it. I drove to the place and started up. It was a severe test. When I ~~f~~ got to the top floor there was no sign or card on the door so I continued up another flight of steps

(1934, Sept. Washington)

E--5020

until I found myself in a small tower at the top of the building. I retraced my steps and knocked at a blank looking door. It was opened by Charlie. Eunice was cooking and laying the supper. My visit was wholly unexpected and they were astonished to see me and much disturbed over my condition. I realized at once that I had made a mistake in coming. Supper for two was cooked and on the table so they could not go to a restaurant with me; nor would they listen to my going without them; I must stay and share their supper. Although I protested I was not hungry and did not care to eat anything Eunice piled more than half the food on the table in my plate, which I could not eat, and this did not leave them enough to eat. The straight back chair in which I sat was very uncomfortable and after sitting at the table with them a few minutes I got up and took a more comfortable chair to one side. I was completely exhausted and too tired to eat or talk. Eunice was much disturbed and over my protest went out to a nearby store and bought a half pint of whiskey which she insisted on my drinking. I took some and felt a little better. Charlie had bought a new piano, a baby grand, and a new Ford car. I visited with them until 8 p.m. and they brought me to the club.

I was desperately tired and went to bed immediately.

Friday, 28 Sept., Washington; clear and very hot. Had a good night's sleep and felt much better for it. Had breakfast at a restaurant, walked to the bus station to ascertain at what hours I could leave for Frederick, got some paper and twine at a drug store with which to wrap the wine bottles for Mr. Theis, and drove in a taxi to the department. I delivered the wine to Mr. Theis and he repaid the money he had borrowed. I stopped to see Mr. Hart, who had charge of getting my appointment and letter of authorization before I left, and he said he had simply been acting for Mr. Thatcher at that time and I should see him. ~~He~~

(1934, Sept. Washington)

E--5021

He said all kinds of questions had been raised by the Civil Service Commission and the accounting officers regarding my case, and that my salary had been sent to the bank in Frederick through August and I would probably get the September salary promptly, but the Treasury Department had raised a question about the legality of sending the salary to the bank. He said that if I would draft an account of my travel expenses he would have it typewritten on the proper forms. From him I got a copy of my appointment, which I had not seen before, and noted that it was to expire on October 2⁹. Next I had difficulty in finding the Foreign Division where I was to leave some souvenirs for Mr. Nyhus because it had moved while I was away. In the corridors I met some of my former acquaintances but was too tired to stop to talk with them. The corridors seemed to be a mile in length. I took an elevator to the ground floor on the south side and found there was no ^{passage} connection between the south and the north ends of the building so I went out on the street and walked two blocks through the hot sun to the administrative building. I went up stairs to the offices formerly occupied by Dr. Ezekiel and found that he was in the Secretary's office. I saw him for a moment as he was passing hurriedly from one office to another. He said he had arranged for an appointment with the Secretary for Mr. Theis and I at 11 a.m. the following Monday.

I returned to the Cosmos Club and telephoned wife that I would be out on the bus. She said that Otis had our sedan in town and would bring me out, and she gave me his telephone number. I called him up and he agreed to call for me at 4.45 p.m.

After a whiskey and soda in the club bar I had luncheon in the dining room. Then I went in a street car to Heck's where I selected a new suit of clothes to be sent to me by parcel post. The suit I was wearing was badly worn and very shabby. Upon returning to the club I dozed in a chair awhile and had a chill. I went at once

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E--5022

to the club bar and had whiskey and soda and the rigors passed.

Otis came shortly after 4 o'clock and took me and the bags to Sunny Hill. It was very tiresome and long after dark when we arrived. Wife and Ethel had the house decorated with flowers and it looked very pretty and attractive. We had a nice chicken dinner but I could not eat much. Also she had a fire in a small stove set up in the parlor. We sat and talked for awhile and I went over to the Whippoorwill for a jug of wine. It was not very good as compared with the best but was better than many I had tasted. Sister Nellie called up after supper and I talked with her and mother.

Saturday, 29 Sept., S.H.; raining all night and today, and much fog. It was said there had been more than ten inches of rainfall this month, about three times normal and two-thirds as much as fell in a whole year during the drouth period.

I slept from sheer exhaustion last night and woke up drenched with perspiration. Dr. Hedges was called by my wife and came out a little before noon. He said I had fever and left three kinds of medicine and instructed me to relax. I smiled at this, thinking I had done little else for the last three weeks, but said nothing. During the day I made up my travel expense account. In the afternoon Otis, Walker and Becky, came out and later the women went in to Frederick for supplies. It was wife's birthday today and the children brought out some presents. Wife had always concealed the date of her birthday from me, insisting that I already knew it, with the result that this was the first one I had ever definitely known. Had oyster stew for supper that really tasted good.

Sunday, 30 Sept., S.H.; raining last night and cloudy today. Had a good night's rest. Dr. Hedges came out in the morning and said my temperature was normal. Otis and I together carried the contents of a dunnage bag over to the Crickét/ Whippoorwill. I was very tired

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E--5023

and lay down for a long nap. Mother and sister came up in the afternoon. When they left I went to bed for another nap but was soon awakened by the arrival of Dr. Haskell and family from Washington. He was so insistent on seeing me that wife admitted him to my room. I felt much worse after he left.

Monday, 1 Oct., S.H., Washington; very cool morning and evening. Up at 6 a.m., dressed, had breakfast, and left for Washington at 6.45 with Otis driving. Wife went with me. Arrived at 9 a.m. I walked to the Cosmos Club and read the papers until 10 a.m. At the department I left the draft of my expense account with Mr. Thatcher. He showed me a communication from the Civil Service Commission to the effect that my health certificate had been disapproved and that I should get a new pair of glasses and have my eyes retested. Mr. Thatcher asked that I attend to the matter at once so the technical bar to my appointment could be overcome. This seemed absurd to me, inasmuch as the special mission for which I was engaged was finished and my temporary appointment was soon to terminate.

I went over to the office of Secretary Wallace ~~went into~~ *for a* conference with the Secretary, Mr. Theis, Dr. Ezekiel, Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Murphy and his secretary from Minneapolis. Mr. Murphy ~~Y~~ looked very white and was not cordial to me. Mr. Theis volunteered to act as spokesman to outline our reception and conditions in Argentina. On the whole it was an accurate statement but I ventured to supplement some of his remarks from time to time. It was clear that our statements were not relished by the Secretary, by Dr. Ezekiel, or by Mr. Murphy. All three were evidently so obsessed with the reasonableness and efficacy of reducing wheat acreages and controlling exports that they resented the taking of any other course by a foreign country. The conclusion of these gentlemen was that Argentina should be taught a lesson and that a campaign of economic education should be

(1934, Oct. Washington)

E--5024

started in that country. The conference lasted nearly three hours.

I went back to Mr. Thatcher's office and got copies of the Civil Service correspondence regarding a retest of my vision. Took a taxi to the Raleigh hotel and at a ~~new~~ by restaurant got a light luncheon. Then to the Public Health Service and had a retest of my eyes which showed they were not so good as last July. It did no good to tell the doctor, as I did, that I could see everything that it was necessary for me to see and that in all my years of public service it had never been necessary for me to read printed cards across the full width of a dimly lighted room. He simply smiled at my impertinence and marked me down.

Took a taxi to the Cosmos Club, had a whiskey and today, and wrote a brief note to Dr. Ezekiel saying that I planned to spend two days at home but would call at his office Thursday.

At 4 p.m. I met wife at the garage and shortly thereafter Otis drove us home. The afternoon sun was very trying because it shown directly in our eyes. At Sunny Hill I felt very cold and had a chill until I thawed out by a wood fire. I was very tired.

Tuesday, 2 Oct., S.H.; a clear cool day. Otis and Ethel drove to Washington in the pickup. I worked most of the day trying to finish the shorthand draft of a report of our wheat mission. Took wife to town in the late afternoon with the laundry and brought out some supplies. I felt very tired.

Wednesday, 3 Oct., S.H.; lovely day. Slept well and late. No appetite for breakfast. Working on shorthand report of wheat mission. At noon I drove in the sedan to the mail box. The new suit was there. Although it was registered the carrier had left it there on the public road instead of bringing it up to the house. In the afternoon I drove down to Winworth for a visit with mother and sister. Then took a long nap in the Whippoorwill.

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E--5025

Thursday, 4 Oct., S.H., cloudy and warmer. Had an early breakfast and Otis drove me to Washington in the sedan, arriving before 9 o'clock. I walked from 18th Street to the Cosmos Club and was very tired. I was driven to the department and saw Dr. Ezekiel for a moment. He was just leaving to attend a hearing on the application of the three @'s regulations to the sugar industry in Hawaii. I reminded him that my appointment by its terms expired on October 20 and while I understood perfectly that it was temporary nevertheless I should *like* know whether my services would be desired after that date. He said, pleasantly enough, that it would be better to let the service end with the appointment and that later the department might need me again and if so he would send for me. I thanked him for this definite decision.

I called at the office of Mr. Thatcher and after waiting thirty minutes for access to him I became impatient and turned over to his secretary some transportation requests and other papers, said I would return next Saturday and expressed the hope that my expense account would be typewritten by that time so I could sign it.

Then I returned to Dr. Ezekiel's office (the one formerly occupied by Dr. Woods as Director of Scientific Work) and dictated to his secretary my report on the Argentine mission.

On the way over I had met Mr. Davis, economist of the Food Research Laboratory in California. We were going in opposite directions, glanced at each other and hesitated in passing, and then he called me by name. When I returned to Dr. Ezekiel's office I found him there working over some statistics. He sat there all the time I was dictating my report. Before I left he said he would like to talk with me and I said that I would be in the lounge at the Cosmos Club most of the afternoon and would be glad to see him there. I did not see him again.

Had luncheon in a restaurant on H Street and spent the rest

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E--5026

of the afternoon dozing in an easy chair in the club lounge.

Shortly after 4 p.m. I walked from the club across Lafayette Square to 18th Street where I was soon met by Otis who drove me home, arriving at 6.15 p.m. I was excessively tired.

Friday, 5 Oct., S.H.; light showers. Dr. Hedges came out at 11 a.m and assured me that I was much better and would improve rapidly. Also he talked about his own life history. He said he was born in Pennsylvania but grew up in Frederick County and had practiced medicine here all his life. Said he had recently bought a $\frac{1}{4}$ 250 acre farm and was starting a large dairy. I spent most of the day in bed and felt better. We were very comfortable with a wood stove fire in the sitting room.

Saturday, 6 Oct. S.H.; raining last night and today. Slept late and had a light breakfast at 11 a.m. Wife went to town with Lewis for supplies and got back at 4 p.m. Early in the afternoon I heard a car stop at the barn and when I looked out saw a couple examining the old truck in the shed. They left without making their presence known. Soon after they left Emory Kline and his little daughter called to ask permission to get some wood, which I granted. They brought with them a basket of vegetables. He was glad to get an armful of my discarded clothing which I gave him. Again I was very tired.

Sunday, 7 Oct.; clear and pleasant. Did not sleep well ^a1st night. Very tired and sleepy in the morning. Sat on the Whipporwill porch awhile in the sun and then took a short walk for exercise and to be in the sun and open air. In the afternoon I drove down to Winworth to visit with mother and sister. Mother gave me a pack of old family letters telling of Aunt Nellie's death. ^{Otis}Other and Ethel came out.

Monday, 8 Oct.; clear and warm. Up early and Otis~~g~~ drove me to Washington. Sat awhile in the Cosmos Club and read the morning papers.

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5027

Drove to the Department of Agriculture. At the office of Mr. Thatcher I looked over the draft of expense account which had been revised. Pointed out an error of about forty dollars. The young lady stenographer promised to have it typewritten and ready for signature in the afternoon. Then called at the office of Dr. Ezekiel. My report of ten close space pages had been typewritten and I went over it. Found several typographical errors and the young lady said she would rewrite it. I did not want to wait for it so she rewrote the last page which I signed. She said she would send me a carbon copy when all the corrections had been made.

Next I called on Mr. Gladmon, the Appointment Clerk. He said there was trouble with the Civil Service Commission which had refused to approve my reinstatement because of defective eyesight. This, of course, would invalidate my salary and prevent me from obtaining reimbursement for my travel expenses. I asked who in the Civil Service Commission was responsible for that disapproval. He said Dr. Butler was responsible for the decision about the eyes and that it might be well to see him. I asked where the Civil Service Commission was situated--there had been so many changes in the last two years that one could no longer find offices without inquiry. He said it was then in the old Patent Office Building at 9th and F. Mr. Gladmon very kindly called by telephone and ascertained that Dr. Butler was in his office. Also he notified the File Clerk to have my papers ready and I would call for them to show Dr. Butler. I took a taxi and on the way over the more I thought of the case the madder I got. I found the File Clerk and ~~she~~ she brought my papers and accompanied me to Dr. Butler's Office. He was a cripple and older than I. On the way over I had tested my eyes by reading the street signs and looking over some papers in my pocket. The ability to read these things, the knowledge that I could read them, the sense of injustice involved in the action

of the Civil Service Commission in refusing to approve my appointment, and my anger, all combined to make me very selfconfident and a little belligerent, especially when I saw that Dr. Butler was an older and more infirm man than I. So I said, "See here, Doctor, what kind of a mare's nest is this I have run into. After nearly forty years in the civil service and not yet of retirement age the Commission says I am not eligible for reinstatement. What is the matter?" He said the report of the Public Health Service showed that my vision was defective, and that was why he had recommended I get some new glasses. "Sure," I said, "but you did not know that I had not long before that invested in two pair of new glasses. Neither did you know that I had consulted the highest authority in this country on eye trouble and been assured that it was a temporary condition. It is true I had trouble with my eyesight because of neuritis but that trouble was passing when I was asked to reenter the service for a special temporary mission. Furthermore, I was not asked to come back to demonstrate the excellence of my eyesight or even to read fine print or placards across a room; I was wanted on a semidiplomatic mission in Argentina because of my previous service in that country, my knowledge of the language, and the friends I had made, and there was no question as to the condition of my eyes. That mission was accomplished satisfactorily and I was on my way back home when the Civil Service Commission wrote its communication to the Department of Agriculture declining to approve my reinstatement. Just ponder that, will you; I had done the special work that was wanted of me before your Commission acted. My appointment was temporary, for three months only, and it expires in less than two weeks. I am practically through right now. Do you mean to tell me that the Civil Service Commission will still dawdle over a technicality that ought never to have been raised? Why, I can see all that it is necessary for

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5029

me to see. The wooden headed young doctor down at the Public Health Service had only one test, that of reading print across a dimly lighted room. I cannot meet that test and think it a most unreasonable one. It seems to me that if one can read ordinary print in ordinary light at arm's length and fine print under a strong light that should be all that is required because it is all that is necessary in ordinary work. I can do that and am prepared to demonstrate it right here and now. I would not be at all surprised if my eyesight is quite as good as yours and I suspect I can read anything you can read." He said "That is all right, Mr. Estabrook; we did not understand the case." He scribbled a notation across the face of a paper and told me there would be no further trouble. Then he remarked that he noticed I entered the service in 1893 and said that he did the same. It turned out that he was appointed to the Adjutant General's Office the same year I was appointed to the Record and Pension Office, both in the War Department, and we had both seen the great changes that had taken place in Washington since those early days.

I went back to the Department of Agriculture and saw Mr. Wheeler of the Foreign Division who said he wanted me to talk with Mr. Steer before he left for Europe ^{to take part in} and the next wheat conference and that Mr. Steer would probably be in the office in about a week.

In the corridor I met Mr. Beattie, the horticulturist whom I had known for many years and who in recent years had been broadcasting garden and orchard instructions regularly. He ~~said~~ said he had been out as far as my sister's place and knew about where mine was and he promised to come out and see me. In the few minutes we talked it was clear that we both disapproved most profoundly of the New Deal and its Brain Trust as the most futile and foolish experiment our government had ever made with dire consequences for the future.

I saw Mr. Warburton for a moment in the corridor. He looked much

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E--5030

older. I also met Miss Ellerbrock who begged for a story for her News Letter, but I said I was too tired to walk back to her office. I invited her to drive out to Sunny Hill some Sunday. Also I met the field statistician from Tennessee and several of the messengers all of whom remembered me. I was glad to meet them but was too tired almost to stand.

I got back to the Cosmos Club at 3.30 p.m., my knees shaking with weakness. Shortly after 4 o'clock I took a taxi to the garage where the sedan had been left. Otis soon joined me and drove home, arriving at 6.30 p.m. It was rather warm during the day and we had a beautiful evening. The glare of the sun as we drove east in the morning and west in the late afternoon was very trying to my eyes.

Tuesday, 9 Oct. S.H.; clear and warm. I slept through until 11 a.m, had breakfast, and then mother and sister came up, mother to visit me and sister to pick some popcorn. In the afternoon wife and Ethel went to town to visit the Frederick Fair. To get into the drawers of my desk in the Whippoorwill I had to use a chisel and hammer. The place was damp from being closed three months and they were badly swollen. I wrote some letters and made a copy of the Sheets lease to the lower place. Had a letter from Mr. Longobardi from Rome and one from my wife that had been returned from Buenos Aires. Very tired and no appetite.

~~(Rafferty re painting, 9 Oct., brown folder)~~ *amir*

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5031

Wednesday, 10 Oct., S.H.; cloudy and cool. Did not sleep well and got up at 11 a.m. At 1.30 p.m. I took Ethel to town and left her at the bus office and gave her a ticket to return to Washington. I called on Dr. Hedges and agreed to let him have some of the small evergreens for his farm at fifty cents each.

~~(Dir. of Ins. Veterans Adm., 10 Oct. brown folder)~~ *omit*

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5032

Thursday, 11 Oct., S.H.; bright and pleasant. Had a bad night with neuritis but feeling better in the morning. Sat in the sunshine a while and then tried to find a list of my nursery stock so as to identify the names of the trees for Dr. Hedges. Did not find it but did find the catalogue with items marked from which I had made up the order.

At 3 p.m. I went to bed. An hour later a young man came who said he was a brother of Elizabeth Currier in Buenos Aires. He said friends had brought him as far as Frederick and while they were seeing the fair he thought he would walk out and see us. He said he could not stay all night because he had to be back in Washington the following morning to see a prospective employer. However, he remained for a late supper and seemed in no hurry to leave. He proposed to walk the five miles back to Frederick in the dark. Much as I shrank from driving a car at night, especially on a narrow road with steep grades and deep ditches on the sides I offered to drive him as far as Shookstown and he accepted. Wife went with me because we were both apprehensive of my eyes at night. As we approached Shookstown I decided that we might as well go on to Frederick and save him the long walk. I took him to the edge of town. It ^awas late and I had no doubt that his story of having to be in Washington the next morning was a fib. I ~~had~~ had let it be known that he had no money. I had a strong impulse to give him enough money for a night's lodging and pay his fare back to Washington, but on consideration that he ~~d~~ was an utter stranger to us and had come uninvited and had overstayed the proper limits of a visit I decided that he could make his way back to where he came from as best he could. I had difficulty with the street lights on the outskirts of town. They blinded me so I could scarcely distinguish the streets. Of course, I drove slowly and ~~keep~~ kept asking my wife to tell me how near I was to the edge

of the road. Fortunately the country road was deserted and there were no cross lights to confuse me.

It was after 10 p.m. when we reached home. I was feeling badly from the strain of driving, from my neuritic aches and pains, and was provoked that any one should come to us as this young man did, without notice, without invitation, without a conveyance, and without definite plans as to when he should leave. He said his name was Murray Maddox.

Friday, 12 Oct.; bright and pleasant but cooler. Foliage beginning to turn a little. I slept until 11 a.m. Two tons of coal were delivered.

After breakfast I sat in the sunshine for an hour or more. Wife came over to the Whippoorwill where I was sitting on the veranda and together we walked to the narcissus gap, back through the woods, and up to the top of Observatory Hill. In the spring lawn grass seed had been sown on the Hill and I was gratified to see that there was a good stand. We had a fine view of the surrounding country. It was a difficult climb for me both up and down the hill and when we reached the house level again I was completely exhausted and went to bed.

I was just falling asleep when George Melling, wife's nephew, and his wife and seven daughters came. Wife insisted on his coming into the bedroom. However, he was considerate enough to stay only a few minutes. After they left I had a nap and then supper. I was still desperately tired and weak and went to bed again.

Saturday, 13 Oct.; clear and cool. I got up at 9 a.m. still very tired and sleepy. At noon I went over to the Whippoorwill for some papers and a bottle of wine. Had Emory cutting the dead peony stems. Lewis and McKenzie were up with a sawmill outfit in the afternoon to ~~EM~~ saw wood. Lewis took wife to town in the sedan for supplies.

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E--5034

Sunday, 14 Oct.; a lovely day; first signs of frost. Still feeling very weak and suffering from rheumatic pains. Visited mother and sister at Winworth as they were eating a hot dinner at 11 a.m. When I laughed at them for eating such a hearty meal at that hour they reminded me that they were accustomed to rising at 5 a.m.

I spent the afternoon resting in an easy chair without sufficient energy to read or think--just doze and dream. We had no visitors except little Virginia ^CKline who came for the puppy Otis had bought and wanted to get rid of because it was such a nuisance.

Monday, 15 Oct.; a beautiful bright warm day. Had breakfast at 10 a.m. and then drove to town alone and attended to a number of errands. Very tired when I got back. I slept most of the afternoon. In the evening Leslie Masser came up and I agreed to sell him the straw at the lower place for fifteen dollars and the old harness for twenty, he to pay when he could. He stayed a long time and I became very tired waiting for him to go. Upon inquiry at the bank I learned that no check had been received for my September salary or travel expenses.

Tuesday, 16 Oct.; a clear warm day. Dr. Hedges ^{came} ~~one~~ out about noon and selected about twenty-five young trees. It took us quite a time to inspect them and for him to make his selection and I was very tired when he left. Sister Nellie was up for some flowers. She said mother was greatly excited over the prospect of her getting back into the government service, although sister was not at all optimistic. She went to Washington on Monday and met some of her old office friends, but they could give her no encouragement. I slept through the remainder of the afternoon.

Wednesday, 17 Oct.; foggy morning, clear afternoon. Before we were dressed in the morning Lewis came with a negro driver and Dr. Hedges' car for the trees ~~X~~ the doctor had selected. I watched them

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5035

for awhile but became so tired I had to lie down. In the afternoon I went over to the Whippoorwill and wrote letters and felt better to have them done. Ate a good breakfast and supper.

(Pechin, 17 Oct. brown folder)

17 October 1934.

"Mr. David M. Pechin,
501 B Street, N.E.,
Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Pechin:

"Apologies for not answering your letter of the 4th sooner. The fact is I returned from midwinter in Argentina with a bad case of neuritis and have been almost helpless and under the care of a doctor since.

"I am more than sorry that I am not in a position to help you. My appointment for the Argentine mission was temporary and ends on the 20th of this month. I shall then try to get reinstated on the retirement list. I am doing some writing but cannot afford to employ stenographic help.

"I am sorry the shorthand reporting business is in the dumps. Just before going to Argentina I had to attend a conference at Minneapolis. The proceedings were reported by an old timer. He said the bottom had dropped out of the reporting business and he was having a hard time. This meeting was presided over by a big man of much local importance who, when he spoke, emphasized his remarks by pounding vigorously on the table on which the reporter was trying to take notes. When this happened I helped the reporter out by asking the presiding officer how he expected anybody to write on a table that was jumping up and down, and after this happened a few times I got him so well trained that all I had to do was to raise my hand and point to the reporter.

"Again I express my regret that I cannot be of assistance to you. With best regards and wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5036

Thursday, 18 Oct.; morning mists and clouds, afternoon clear and warm. We were up early and after breakfast I drove to town and parked the sedan, and then by bus to Washington.

I first went to the office of Mr. Gladmon, Appointment Clerk, who said that the termination of my appointment on Oct. 20 had been requested and that he had in his office the necessary blanks for making application for retirement annuity and would have one filled out for me to sign. This was done and later I called and signed the paper.

Then I called at the office of Mr. Thatcher to ascertain why my September salary had not been paid. An auditing clerk was brought in and he said the check had been made out and mailed in an envelope to "Sunny Hill Farm, Maryland," and had just been received back and remailed to the correct address. Both he and Mr. Gladmon said that since the transfer of the accounting offices of the various departments to the Treasury Department there had been an unexampled delays in the payment of salaries and settlement of travel reimbursement accounts, and that sometimes weeks and months elapsed. They said that such confusion, delays, and general inefficiency in the conduct of government business had not been known in the memory of the oldest employees as were being experienced under the new administration, the so-called New Deal.

Next I called at Mr. Wheeler's office and had a long talk with Mr. Steer. Mr. Wheeler said that Dr. Ezekiel had said that probably he would want me back into the service for a special mission later. The three of us went to the wharf and had luncheon. I had an oyster stew and a glass of ale.

After signing the papers at Mr. Gladmon's office I was driven to the Cosmos Club, had a whiskey and soda, and dozed in a chair for awhile. Then I walked three or four squares to the bus station.

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5037

My legs nearly gave out and for a moment I felt as if I could not reach my destination without falling. In the station I sat down to rest while waiting for the bus. When I rose from my seat Ethel came to me. She had been looking for me. Said she had telephoned to wife to find out if we wanted her to come out on the bus and drive me in. I was very tired on the bus ride and it seemed that it would never end. Had no trouble driving out to the farm because the road was clear and it was still light. Picked wife up at the entrance where she was waiting and watching for me. Had a nice supper and began to feel rested.

Friday, Oct. 19; clear and bright but rather cool. I sat a-while on the Whippoorwill porch and got chilled. In the afternoon I drove wife to town for supplies and shopping. When I returned I was deathly tired and had trouble with my legs.

Saturday, 20 Oct.; clear and pleasant. I slept through most of the day until 3 p.m. when I dressed and drove to Winworth for Otis and Ethel who came out with Charlie and Eunice. Felt better than usual until late afternoon when my legs began hurting. My appointment with the department ended today.

Sunday, 21 Oct.; a lovely day. I was almost helpless from swollen joints and pain in hips, knees, arms, wrists, fingers, and toes. Most of these pains left me after I got up and dressed. I gave Otis and Ethel each an old watch. Also gave Otis a cigar lighter. He brought in some wood for us. We had a nice chicken dinner at 3 p.m. after which I took Otis and Ethel down to Winworth to return with Charlie to Washington. Moth^{er} pestered me with remedies for my troubles which I refused to try on the ground that it would be useless to try a remedy on a pain that would change from one place to another within twenty-four hours.

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5038

Monday, 22 Oct.; a beautiful day. Slept fairly well last night. In the forenoon I drove to town and executed an application for retirement annuity and sent it by special delivery to the office of the Appointment Clerk of the Department of Agriculture to start on its way.

In the afternoon sister came up for some more popcorn and brought mother who sat and talked for about an hour. Had difficulty in keeping awake and went to bed at 3 p.m. Slept until 6 p.m. Wife had chicken and dumplings for supper which I tried to eat but was not hungry. I was so sleepy that I did not wait for her to finish and again went to bed to sleep. It was a day of glorious sunshine and brilliant autumn foliage.

~~(Gladmen, application for retirement, brown folder)~~ omit

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5039

Tuesday, 23 Oct.; clear and pleasant and a little cool. In the mail was my salary check for September--three weeks over due. Wife went to town with Lewis to do some shopping. I had no appetite whatever and felt tired and exhausted all day. Becoming somewhat discouraged because I do not develop more energy.

Wednesday, 24 Oct.; partly cloudy. Feeling about the same except my appetite is less and less. At 3 p.m. took wife down to Winworth for a chicken dinner of which I ate very little. To me it was astonishing how much the women could eat. I was glad to get back home where I was not under constant inspection and suggestions as to what I should do. It is surprising how free one's ~~rel~~ relatives and even strangers are with ~~advice~~ gratuitous advice when one is ill and wants to be let alone.

Thursday, 25 Oct.; a beautiful day. Suffered ~~last night~~ from a severe attack of neuritis in right shoulder last night. The pain was eased somewhat by a hot water bottle. I slept through until noon. Lewis took wife to town for some shopping. I slept most of the afternoon. Wife brought out some California grapes and made oyster soup for my supper. They tasted good but I had no desire to eat.

Friday, 26 Oct.; a fine day following showers in the night. Autumn leaves falling in a strong breeze. I felt about the same, suffering from aches and pains and overcome with a desire to sleep.

Saturday, 27 Oct.; alternating sunshine and rain. I felt a little more energetic and brought some stationery from the Whip-poorwill and wrote some letters. Very tired from this slight exertion. Sister sent up some chicken soup and giblets. Wife made succotash of which I am usually very fond, but nothing temp^{ed} me. To please my wife I began taking some medicine in which she had great faith.

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5040

Sunday, 28 Oct.; a beautiful day of high wind and ~~flour~~ flying clouds, but rather cool. Up earlier than usual. Too cold to go outside. In the afternoon the salesman for a vacuum cleaner came. He had rented one of these machines to us last spring and then stayed away until the rentals accumulated and were equivalent to the price. It was a convenience occasionally but something we could well have done without. I bought the machine with a ~~very~~ bad grace because the money was badly needed for other things. I mustered enough energy to write a "No Hunting" advertisement, also one "For Rent" for the lower place, and a statement regarding the tenant of the lower place in case he made it necessary for me to sue for the last month's rent. He had given notice that he was to leave the first of November. Sister telephoned that she saw the tenant moving some of his things today. Not feeling so well today and suffering from severe pains in left side of back.

Monday,

~~Tuesday~~, 29 Oct.; clear and cold. In early afternoon took wife to town for shopping. Left sedan to be serviced while I saw the doctor. He seemed to think I was getting along allright and gave me some new medicine. Had a statement from the agents of our town house showing that I still owed \$89 on repairs, making considerably over \$500 in all, *instead of \$250 as first estimated.*

Tuesday, 30 Oct.; clear and pleasant. I walked out in the sunshine twice, but very tired after a few minutes. In the evening the tenants at the lower place came up and paid their rent for October. They said they had already moved out. I was glad to have them go because they had been very unsatisfactory. The man had regular employment with the telephone company but was always behind a month or more in paying his rent of fifteen dollars a month. His wife and three daughters were the laziest set of women I ever saw. His three sons, nearly grown, played Tarzan most of the time and were very destruc-

(1934, Oct. S.H.)

E--5041

tructive. These people stayed from 8 to 10 p.m. and I was very tired when they left, but glad they had paid their rent and thus avoided the necessity for hiring a lawyer to collect it, as I was fully determined to do unless they paid.

Wednesday, 31 Oct.; a lovely day. Foliage very beautiful. Drove to town for various errands and on the way back stopped at Winworth to visit mother and sister. In the afternoon drove with wife to lower place to inspect the premises. The house had been swept but the yard was covered with trash, all gates were off their hinges and all the woodwork in the stable had been taken out for fuel. The outhouse was in horrible condition. Wife picked up some apples and pears. After returning sister telephoned that she had taken some people up to see the house at the lower place but they were not favorably impressed.

Thursday, 1 Nov.; a lovely day. Slept well and felt decidedly better. Got up at 11 a.m. After breakfast took a short walk and sat in the sun awhile. Then luncheon and a nap. Made a fire in the furnace and the house was nice and warm. Did some typewriting and wrote checks for bills, checked bank account, and pasted some photographs. Have done more to day than for any day in a month.

MM/

(Kittiwinks, 1 Nov. brown folder)

1 November 1934.

"Dear Kittiwinks:

"I was glad to get your letter of October 14 telling of your safe arrival at La Jolla. I would have answered this letter long ago but have been so crippled with neuritis that I have written very few letters and done little else but sleep.

"Mommie is as well and as busy as ever., In addition to the cats, the dogs, the chickens, and the guineas she has had to look after me. We have had a wonderful Octbber, a month of beautiful sunshiny days and changing foliage.

"Otis and Ethel have been out a number of times. Otis is working hard and has had a promotion recently. He expects to take Walker's place soon. We have seen nothing and heard nothing of Jack.

"Our tenants moved out of Lower Sunny Hill house last week, and I am not sorry because they were so slow in paying their rent. Mr. Grove's house burned down last week and there were several other fires in the county.

"We have had a wood stove in the parlor that has made the house comfortable, but today we started the furnace and the house is as warm as toast. All the flowers have been hit by the frost and only the chrysanthemums and a few stray flowers are blossoming.

"Please write us often and let us know how you are getting along, and the babies. I inclose some pictures I took a few weeks ago. They are not very good but will serve to remind you of dear old Sunny Hill.

"With love from Daddy and Mommie.

Daddie.

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5042

Friday, 2 Nov.; clear and bright. Wife and I went to town for some shopping and I had my hair cut. When we got back I was very tired.

Saturday, 3 Nov. S.H.; clear and pleasant. Had breakfast at 11 a.m. Had a new coal stove sent out for the Whippoorwill. After it was set up I made a wood fire in it and it smoked badly. Slept most of the afternoon. Feeling better than yesterday.

Sunday, 4 Nov.; a lovely bright warm day. Last evening late Mr. and Mrs. ~~Baker~~ Baker from Purcellville, Virginia, called to see about renting the lower house. They did not leave until 11 p.m. and I was very tired. Slept through until nearly noon. Visited mother and sister at Winworth. Slept the rest of the day.

Monday, 5 Nov.; another lovely day. After breakfast I tried to clean out the chimney of the Whippoorwill by letting a bag with a stone in it down with a rope and pulling it up and down. Then made a fire in the new stove and this time it was very satisfactory. Had Lewis cleaning up at the lower place. A young couple came while I was there and wanted to rent the house but I did not like their looks. Also he was out of work and had no income and no money. Sister was up for some flowers. Clarence Shults came to clean out the gutters that were full of leaves and cut the tops off some of the plants. I wrote checks and one letter and was very tired.

Tuesday, 6 Nov.; a lovely day following rain in the night. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were up in the early afternoon and inspected the place. They seemed favorable to the idea of renting the lower ~~farm~~ for cash rent and the upper place on shares.

Wednesday, 7 Nov.; clear and pleasant; In the forenoon I wrote a short article on "Wheat in Argentina" for Mrs. Murph~~y~~ (wife of the Minneapolis publisher) and took it to town to send by special delivery to Mr. Murph~~y~~'s representative in Washington. In the af-

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5043

ternoon I went down to the lower place for a short inspection. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hershey called and stayed to supper. It was about 10 o'clock when they left. They were very agreeable people but stayed too long.

~~(Wheat in Latin America" brown folder. omit~~

Thursday, 8 Nov.; showers. Got away at 10.45 a.m. and drove with wife to the District Line where Ethel met us and drove to her apartment on ~~Donned~~/ New Hampshire Avenue. Ethel cooked a light lunch. I took a taxi to the Department of Agriculture and saw Mr. Gladmon. He said my application for retirement had been sent to the proper office but it would probably take some time because I was applying under a different law from the one under which I was retired before.

I went to the office of Mr. Thatcher to inquire about my expense account. He sent for an auditing clerk who remembered that he had seen a statement of differences in my account and that probably the check would reach me in a few days.

Then I went to the Cosmos Club, had a whiskey and soda, and read papers and magazines. At 4 p.m. I returned to Ethel's apartment. Otis soon came and drove us out to Sunny Hill. It grew dark at 5 p.m. The lights of Frederick were very pretty. Had a good supper and felt better.

Friday, 9 Nov.; a lovely day, white frost, and sunshine. I was up early and made a fire in the furnace. I took a family down to inspect the house at the lower place. The father and mother seemed pleased with it but the grown son disapproved. After luncheon Otis took wife and Ethel to town and all went to a picture show. It was after dark when they returned. I spent the afternoon drafting and writing a form of contract or lease agreement with Mr. Baker as tenant. I ate a hearty supper and enjoyed it. After supper had a visit from Grayson Blank who agreed to paint the woodwork of the lower place. Feeling better than for many weeks. Think it is partly because I have the stove up and can work in the Whippoorwill where all my things are. Notice that my hands shake in a way that I can not control. Received a nice letter from Sra. Scolari at Rome.

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5045

Saturday, 10 Nov.; threatening rain. I was up early to look after the fires. Had a late breakfast of buckwheat cakes, country sausage, and maple syrup. Made a fire in the Whippoorwill. Read the mail. A telephone message from the bank said a check had been received ^{to credit of} ~~of~~ my account for \$382.88. This was in reimbursement of my travel expenses for nearly three months and was about \$90 less than I had claimed. A couple came to see about renting the lower place, but as he had no employment or income I said it was practically rented. Otis took the women folks to town. Also he took the truck for an inspection certificate. I wrote a number of letters including a brief claiming reimbursement for the amounts disallowed. Most of these disallowances from my account were because round trip tickets had not been purchased to Minneapolis and return and New York to Buenos Aires and return. The trouble was that one way tickets were purchased or engaged to Minneapolis and to Buenos Aires by employees in the department for me, probably on the ~~old~~ assumption that I would return by different routes, and at each destination there was nothing for me to do but purchase one way tickets back. We had a good supper of baked spareribs and sweet potatoes of which I ate heartily. Felt sleepy afterwards.

(Thatcher, re disallowances, brown folder) *omit*

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5046

Sunday, 11 Nov.; cloudy and cold. A few flakes of snow fell. Mr. and Mrs. Baker called in the afternoon and after some conversation signed the lease for the lower farm on a cash rental of \$25 a month and the upper place, except gardens and buildings, for one half proceeds. I was glad to have this matter settled and could look forward to being relieved of looking after the lower place for two years. I rode down to Winworth with Otis and Ethel. Otis was to return to Washington with Charlie and Eunice. Ethel was to spend the week with us. I was sleepy all day and very nervous after the ^aBakers left.

Monday, 12 Nov.; cloudy, cold, and flurry of snow. I drove down to lower place to see how Grayson was getting along with the painting. Saw Leslie Masser who agreed to let Mr. Baker have three tons of the straw I had sold him. Wife wanted us all to go to Frederick to see a play with Will Rogers in it but I declined to go on account of the cold and also the crowd that would be there to see the Armistice Day ~~pr~~ parade. Ethel drove in alone in the afternoon for some groceries. I spent the afternoon in the Whippoorwill writing letters. Feeling much better today.

~~(David Currier, 12 Nov., brown folder)~~ —omit

(Nyhus, same.) ✓

~~(Leuckte, same.)~~ —omit

understanding on their part.

"I have had to make a number of visits to Washington in an effort to wind up my affairs in connection with this special assignment and ^wund an incredible quantity of red tape such as I never encountered before. The departments and their associated alphabetical organizations, staffed largely by inexperienced highschool girls, have grown to be so unwieldy and inefficient that it is difficult to get anything done. The many new buildings of enormous extent and the constant reorganizations and shiftings and transfers of offices and personnel have greatly contributed to this confusion and inefficiency. Both the offices of Dr. Ezekiel and Mr. Wheeler had been changed during my absence and I had difficulty in finding them. A letter addressed to the Retirement Division of the Veterans Administration was not answered for two weeks because that week this division was transferred to the Civil Service Commission. The Civil Service Commission was moved from its old quarters on F Street to the old Patent Office on 7th and ^S Streets. My temporary appointment was not approved by the Civil Service Commission until one week before it terminated, October 20, and then only after a personal visit to the medical examiner of the Commission and my challenge to him that I could either lick the daylights out of him or read official documents better than he could. My salary for September did not reach me until the 23d October, and my expense account did not reach me until more than a month had ~~sp~~ elapsed after it was submitted, with liberal suspensions because the inexperienced employe's of the Secretary's office purchased one-way instead of round trip tickets for me and I had no recourse but to purchase one-way return trip tickets from Minneapolis and Buenos Aires. I am advised that complaints of field men who have to travel are becoming more numerous and more emphatic because of the inexcusable delays in forwarding their salaries and reimbursement checks. I ~~am~~

mention all this simply to support my statement that the departmental units have grown too large for efficient management, and this results in unprecedented inefficiency and appalling waste of public money.

"On a recent visit I had a long interview with Mr. Steere of the Berlin office and together with him and Mr. Wheeler took luncheon at a wharf restaurant near the river where we had delicious oysters and ale. Judge of my surprise when I saw Mr. Theis seated with a friend at a nearby table and thoroughly enjoying himself. That's what makes him so likeable. I am only sorry that during our brief association I was suffering severe pain and was not my normal self. This applies to you and Mr. Leudtke as well.

"We had glorious autumn weather during October. I never saw brighter sunshine or brighter colors in the autumn foliage. This morning we had our first flurry of snowflakes with brightly colored leaves fluttering like butterflies over the gardens. Our fires are going and we are snug and comfortable with a million dollars worth of valley scenery spread out before us. I suppose you and Mrs. Nyhus are enjoying your first Argentine spring. I hope you secured a house to suit you. I think I said before leaving that if I envied anybody it would be you for the agreeable and interesting experiences that lie before you. I have just leased my two farms, except buildings and grounds about the home place, in order to be relieved of the care and responsibility of personal management. Thinking you might be interested I am sending you some snapshots I made recently of the buildings. Unfortunately the picture of the Cricket House, the most unique of them all, is spoiled by poor light. Both stone cabins are over a century old and have walls three feet thick. I also send prints of snapshots taken at Santa Fe and Rosario, all rather poor, for which reason I did not have enlargements made.

"With kind regards and best wishes to you and Mrs. Nyhus, I am
Sincerely yours, Leon M. Estabrook.

(1934, Nov. 3. H.)

E--5047

Tuesday, 13 Nov.; cloudy, ^adk, cold, snow flurries. We went to town and saw Will Rogers in "Judge Priest," which was very good. While we were away had Lewis shoot Wiggles, the worthless dog that was always leading Sandy into trouble. Also had him put up the "No Hunting" signs. It was almost dark at 3 p.m. and the street lights were on in Frederick. It was after 4 o'clock when we got home.

Wednesday, 14 Nov.; a clear cold day. Had a late breakfast. Made a fire in the Whippoorwill and was very comfortable all day. Wife and Ethel went to town for some shopping in the afternoon. The main object of the trip was to induce wife to buy a dress but she is very hard to please and did not buy one.

Thursday, 15 Nov.; a clear cold day. Slept until 4 p.m. and felt better. Wrote some letters.

(Mrs. Sauter, 15 Nov., [✓]rown folder)

(Sra. Scolari, same.) [✓]

15 November 1934.

Mrs. Valda A. Sauter,
St. Margarethen,
Brannenberg am Inn,
Oberbayern, Germany.

"Dear Mrs. Sauter:

"I enjoyed reading your letter of October 28 because it was from you and told about your new home, because it reached me as I was recovering from a severe attack of neuritis, and because it was the last of a long series of what I call telepathic coincidences. It had been many months since I had thought of you--because of other current matters, of course. The evening before your letter arrived, without any imaginable suggestion from any source and while I was thinking of something entirely foreign, the thought of you and your husband suddenly took possession of my mind and vivid, clear, and distinct recollections of our friendly intercourse and association came to me. Even at the time I vaguely wondered why the thought of you and your husband should be so clear as to exclude all other thoughts for the time being. I also had a premonition that I should hear from you soon, so I was not greatly surprised when your letter reached me the next morning. Thinking back I realized that thought of you came to me during the hour mail from the east reached the postoffice in Frederick, five miles distant. I always wonder when these coincidences occur, but cannot account for them unless possibly all things animate and inanimate emit invisible and unsuspected rays of some kind, but such a theory is so intangible and uncertain as to be incredible.

"I have had a very trying experience for one who has always enjoyed such excellent health. Neuritis began about a year ago and affected both my eyes and general health. By January I could not read; by March I was nearly blind and could not distinguish colors or detail; by May I lost appetite and was soon prostrated by physical weakness

and extreme inertia. However, specialists and a local physician pulled me out of the abyss and by July I was recovering rapidly-- enough to respond to a call from the Department of Agriculture to undertake a special mission to Argentina. Unfortunately the sudden change from midsummer heat here to midwinter cold there, with several weeks of strenuous work, brought on another attack of neuritis. After my return recovery was exasperatingly slow, but it has progressed to the point that ~~Ná~~ all my various interests have awakened and I can do a little work.

"The voyage down was very pleasant, bright sunshine, calm seas, and agreeable company. We had one day at Rio de Janeiro, one of the brightest of cities and surrounded by some of the most beautiful and interesting scenery in the world. In Rio, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and other Argentine cities I noted many changes. Among other improvements I noted that each city had one or more hotels equipped with a central heating plant, bath tubs, hot and cold water, and other sanitary conveniences that were undreamed of ten years ago. Just as the world owes the British a debt of gratitude for their insistence upon speaking the English language, honesty in business transactions, observance of laws, and affection for bath tubs, so the world owes a similar debt of gratitude to U.S. Americans for our insistence upon comfortable living conditions that have been universal and commonplace in their own country for more than a generation.

"I wonder if you remember the little white haired lady who called at the Casetta several times in the spring of 1926? We became acquainted on the voyage from New York and she was in Rome during Easter week. We were congenial and together attended Easter services, several plays of Pirandella, two concerts by Mascagni, and took Sunday excursions to Frascati and Tivoli. Letters have passed between us

once or twice a year since and several times I had expressed the hope that her wanderings might bring her near enough to Frederick to visit Sunny Hill. Well, the Sunday I was to leave the farm on the last Argentine trip I received a telegram saying that she would be at the hotel in Frederick in the afternoon. It seemed provoking that after all these years the best I could do was to stop for half an hour at the hotel to see her on my way to Washington to catch a train.

"I wonder also if you remember the landlady of the apartment on Via Pierluigi da Palestrina where you found rooms for me? She also has written one or more times a year. She is very proud of an only daughter who came to this country to teach the history of Italian art some years ago, who won a scholarship that enabled her to return to Europe for a year, and who later married Prof. Alfred Hamilton Barr, now Director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. In her last letter she tells of the many changes in Rome, of her own efforts to change lifelong habits, and of the tragic end of Mina, the little maid who used to lay out my breakfast for me to whom I became much attached because of her cheefful and rather timid birdlike ways. On returning from one of my trips the landlady said that because of my North American prejudices I should know that Mina had met a soldier and 'the perfectly natural thing happened,' and Mina was about to become a mother. On my next return Mina had a black haired boy baby and was greatly pleased when I praised it. On my next return I was told that Mina was gone, but I never knew her fate until in this last letter the landlady tells me that the soldier lover, who was attached to the King's guard, was not permitted to marry while in service without the approval of his superior officers and that approval was withheld; that the baby died and the mother became very despondent; that on the last day of his service her lover and the father of her

baby wrote, 'Oggi soldato del Re, domani libero cittadino;' but 'domani' when he called he found her still in death with the gas turned on. Think what a story this would make if properly written.

"I was glad to have the photographs of your new home and your description of the surrounding country. In return I am sending you some photographs I took recently of the group of buildings here. Unfortunately the most interesting of all, the little stone cabin we call the Cricket House, because there have always been singing crickets in it--and singing birds about it--is poor because of the poor light and shadow effects that make it almost unrecognizable. Of course, there are fairies all about and this little cabin is a veritable house of Wendy in Never-never-land. Back of the house a few hundred feet is a steep ridge, the top of this part of Catoctin Mountain, that affords protection during the winter gales. To the east is the beautiful, highly cultivated Monocacy Valley, and beyond a series of undulating hills. Often these hills are a solid deep blue like the sea, and the illusion is strengthened at night by the electric lights of Frederick seen across the valley. I should like to tell you more about my plant friends, and the six cats, the two dogs, the five hens and a patriarchal rooster, and about twenty guinea fowls, that are all different in disposition and afford us much amusement.

"I was glad to read your statement to the effect that your part of Bavaria is peaceful and quiet. That is quite in accord with our conception of the character of Bavarians. You must not take too seriously what you read in American periodicals about Germany, because it is characteristic of writers to exaggerate. However, it is entirely true that the treatment of the Jews by the new regime met with profound disapproval in this country because that treatment was so arbitrary, so indiscriminating, and so like a step back into the Middle Ages. Even so, we quite understand the feeling that prompted that

action, and similar actions in other countries, because we also have the Jews with us; but we heartily disapprove of injustice and violence - even though there is too much of both right here in our own country, just as there is in every country. Fundamentally all humans are pretty much alike regardless of race, religion, or environment.

"Our adopted daughter and her two fine baby boys are now in California. Our adopted son and his wife live in Washington and spend their week ends with us. Both have improved greatly since marriage, which was the real beginning of their education. The son obtained a temporary position in the government service last spring and has applied himself with such unexpected dilligence that he has been promoted twice.

"I should like to see Mr. Sauter's collection of pictures. I shall always remember with pleasure the evening I spent with you and he showed me his collection of crayon portraits of eminent men and his medals. I wish it were practicable to send you some perennial plants to set about in corners about your place. I think you are both to be congratulated on your new home, your own home and ground, and the ever present beauty of the landscape. If Mr. Sauter's art work should ever bring you both to America I shall feel greatly disappointed if you do not visit Sunny Hill. I suppose such a contingency seems as remote to you as a prospect of a visit to Germany seems to me. The next best thing to visits and personal interviews between friends is a letter and an answer not too long delayed. So I hope you will continue to write.

"With best wishes for you both, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

15 November 1934.

"Mrs. Mary Scolari Fitzmaurice,
Via Pierluigi da Palestrina No.63,
Rome.

"Dear Mrs. Scolari:

"Your welcome letter of 25 October reached me a few days ago. I was especially interested in what you say about changing your habits and way of life. I admire your courage and will power because I know from recent experience what that means. Thank you for the details of little Mina's tragic end. I never lose interest in persons with whom I was acquainted or places I have seen. I was interested in her because she was always so bright and cheerful when she laid out my breakfast, so willing and obliging, and so birdlike in her movements. What a story her life and fate would make if properly written, even though somewhat sordid.

"You are to be congratulated on your daughter. I am glad that her American venture turned out so well. I am sure that she must be happy in her husband and his congenial work. I shall be glad to meet them the next time I have occasion to go to New York, or if they should visit Washington and will notify me in advance.

"Our two adopted children have improved immeasurably since marriage, which was the the beginning of their education in real life and they had to come back to earth. The daughter and her two fine baby boys are now in California. The son and his wife live in Washington and often visit us at the farm. The son obtained a temporary position in the government service last spring and by his intelligence and application has won two promotions since. He bids fair to become a credit to his foster parents.

"You ask how and why I acquired the name 'Leon.' I do not know, but I suspect it was because of my mother's half french parentage, her mother born of French parents in France and coming to this country

as an infant. Her father was of Cavalier British ancestry. On father's side his father came of early colonial old English puritanical stock, and his mother was Irish. So that makes me one-half British and one-fourth each French and Irish--which may account for some of my characteristics.

"I wonder if by chance you remember my first secretary in Rome, then Miss Valda A. Broad, a tall, large, English woman, rather masculine in appearance, but inclined to be sentimental. She was stricken with typhoid while on vacation, married a German artist by the name of Sauter of some distinction, was promptly disowned and discarded by her British parents who could not forgive her for marrying a German. They lived in Rome several years and I sometimes took tea or dinner with them. He was a most loveable elderly gentleman and a real artist with a collection of medals that had been awarded to him in various countries. This couple that seemed to be so ill-assorted seemed to have a happy married life. The wife and I have kept up a correspondence through the years. A few weeks ago I received a letter from her describing their new home in his native province, Bavaria, not far from Munich, and the joy they experienced in the building of the house, the laying out of the grounds, and the landscape of mountain, valley, and forest near their home. I was interested in her statement that Germany is much maligned in the foreign press, because all is so peaceful and quiet in Bavaria.

"Then there is another correspondent, a little white haired grandmother with whom I got acquainted on a voyage from New York to Naples. She had lived with her daughter two years in Italy and dearly loved the Italian people. Together we attended Easter services at St. Peter's and other cathedrals, saw several plays by Pirandella, heard two of the magnificent concerts under Mascagni's direction, and made little trips to Frascati and Tivoli. We have exchanged letters about

once a year and several times I invited her to visit Sunny Hill if her wanderings should bring her as near as Washington. The opportunity came last July on the very day I was leaving for Argentina. She came to the hotel in nearby Frederick, but the best I could do was to spend thirty minutes with her en route to Washington to catch a train.

"I have had a rather trying experience with neuritis the last year that has interrupted the typing of my 'Reminiscences'. It affected the optic nerve so that my sight began to fail about a year ago. By January I could not read, by March I was nearly blind, and by May I was prostrated by loss of appetite and physical weakness. The specialists whom I consulted could find nothing the matter with me except neuritis--which was quite enough--but under a doctor's care I recovered sufficiently by the middle of July to respond to a call from our Department of Agriculture to go on a semidiplomatic mission to Argentina. Unfortunately the sudden change of climate and strenuous work for a few weeks brought on another attack which this time took the form of torture of joints, muscles, and nerves. The mission was entirely successful, but when I reached home I was in bad ~~she~~ shape and recovery has been slow. Only within the last week have I been able to clear up the correspondence that accumulated during my absence.

"October was a glorious month here on the mountain--a succession of clear days, brilliant sunshine, and equally brilliant autumn foliage. Fortunately my sight has returned and I could see and enjoy it all.

"I want to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending the newspaper account of the opening of the last General Assembly meeting at the Institute. As an honorary 'Chef du service' of the Institute I continue to receive all the announcements and reports that go to the Permanent Committee, but these, I confess, are rather dry reading.

"Now that you are changing your cloistered habits, why don't you visit your daughter in New York? I can imagine no greater contrast than that between Rome and New York, and it is a contrast that contributes to interest in life and perspective.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5048

Friday, 16 Nov.; a lovely day. I drove to town with a battery for recharging and brought out laundry and supplies. In the afternoon I drove to the lower place to see about the painting. Wife and Ethel went to town in the afternoon. I filed an accumulation of correspondence and began making up the line-a-day book from my diary. The book was too heavy to take with me on the trip to Argentina.

Saturday, 17 Nov.; clear and warm. Wrote letter and statement of account for Dr. Hedges. Slept most of the afternoon. Otis came out with Charlie and Eunice as far as Winworth and Ethel went down for him. Had a good supper of roast pork and sweet potatoes. Otis and Ethel drove to town after supper and went to a picture show

(Dr. Hedges and account, 17 Nov., brown folder) ✓

17 November 1934.

"Dr. F. H. Hedges,
11 West 2d Street,
Frederick, Md.

"Dear Dr. Hedges:

"Now that I am able to sit up and take notice I am trying to clean up accumulated correspondence and settle all accounts so as to have a clear conscience and know where I stand. I inclose a bill for the trees you bought at Sunny Hill, which I have receipted to apply as a credit to your account. I should like to have a statement of the account at your early convenience.

"As to your patient: Up to about the 1st of November recovery was discouragingly slow, although I noted slight improvement from week to week. The medicines were exhausted, and during the last two weeks recovery has been gratifying. Appetite has returned, bodily functions are regular, and I am getting back into my former routine. I still have manifestations of neuritis in mild form, especially in wrists, fingers, and joints, and sharp and definite limitations of physical strength which warn or rather compel me to be careful about over-exertion. Nevertheless, recovery in the last two weeks has been remarkable. You will recall that I reported that your colleagues at Johns Hopkins could find nothing the matter with me except neuritis--thus confirming your first diagnosis--and they were frank enough to say that they could not determine the source of the poison. Their only guess was that it might be due to the cumulative effects of smoking. This theory I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction was erroneous, because I stopped smoking entirely for some weeks and began again very, very cautiously, without any apparent effect; and then began to smoke freely, about half my former normal, and this has coincided with my recent recovery. I am more and more convinced that

my trouble was largely due to certain bad habits and faulty elimination. I surmise that the treatment you prescribed was designed to remedy this fault.

"I shall be glad and interested to see your farm venture. I should prefer to see it on a sunshiny day of moderate temperature. As I shall be much occupied from now on and go into Frederick only when absolutely necessary, may I suggest that on some mild day when you are free that you telephone out and set a definite time and I will gladly call at your office at the appointed time.

"With best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5049

Sunday, 18 Nov.; a lovely day. After breakfast I made a fire in the Whippoorwill, listened to the radio, and worked on the line-a-day book. At noon wife and I, Otis and Ethel, walked through the woods to the lower place and back. My knees became very shaky and I was very tired, but by resting frequently I ~~made it~~ managed to walk back. I laid down and rested until dinner was ready at 3 p.m. At 3.30 p.m. I went with Otis and Ethel down to Winworth where they joined Charlie and Eunice to drive to Washington. We were sorry to see Ethel leave after being with us for a week. She was good company about the house and helped with the work, besides driving the car when wife wanted to go to town.

I could not have taken such a walk as I did today even ten days ago, which shows that I was gaining strength.

Monday, 19 Nov.; clear and warm. Slept late. Had trouble starting the pickup. I drove to town with it and had the recharged battery put in it and some other things done to it. It was after noon when this work was completed. Sister with two helpers were up to transplant the evergreens that were too close in the nursery row. Sister took a few of the trees for her schoolhouse lot and some narcissus bulbs for her garden. I was too sleepy and tired in the afternoon to try to do anything.

Tuesday, 20 Nov.; lovely weather. Sister and helpers spent the forenoon finishing transplanting the evergreens. Shortly after noon I took the pickup to town for service and inspection certificate. While waiting I spent part of the time at the Francis Scott Key Hotel reading the morning paper. Getting so I can read ordinary print again without much trouble. Had a long nap in the afternoon and then wrote some letters.

(Emma Burton, 20 Nov., brown folder)

20 November 1934.

"My dear Emma:

"This is to remind you that we Sunny Hillers have not heard from you for some time, and to express the belief that I have not answered your last letter.

"I had an interesting experience on the trip to Minneapolis, Buenos Aires and other cities in Argentina, but the neuritis jinx was on the job every minute. All would have been well if I could have been alone, but I had two younger colleagues who were full of energy, as enthusiastic as two boys, who insisted on walking even though we had to dodge taxis at every corner, and just because neither understood Spanish I had to accompany them as guide and interpreter. Result, I overtaxed my little strength and the neuritis jinx got in his work with a vengeance. Fortunately he let my eyes alone this time and tackled all my joints, muscles, and nerves without much discrimination. I reached home the last of September in bad shape, exhausted, weak, no appetite, suffering constant pain, and a temperature of 102 degrees. The doctor and wifey got busy and pulled me out of the hole so that during the last twenty days I have been getting back to something like normal.

"I was sorry not to have been here when you had your little vacation. I was glad to hear that you came to Sunny Hill and could be ^c with the Little Shemer for awhile and that Ethel was able to spend some time with her. I left on a telephone call from the Department and could not arrange to have someone stay with her. All I could do was to ask her to telephone one of the neighbors to send a daughter over to keep her company and pay her for her services.

"Otis and Ethel come out nearly every week end. Ethel spent all of last week with us. She is good company and is helpful about the house--and quite sensible. Otis is doing well in his temporary posi-

tion with the Indian Service. He expects his third promotion within eight months to \$1600. He gets this because of sheer hard work and attention to his duties. He has greatly improved in many other respects, for all of which I give much credit to Ethel who has been a good influence in his life.

"Thelma and her two boy babies are in California. She left a week after I reached home but we did not see her. Nor have we seen her husband since.

"Lewis (Blank) took two of Graytoe's kittens. That ^aleaves five cats. They are just as endearing as ever, are just as much of a nuisance, and propagate just as many fleas. Wiggles, the worst nuisance of all, disappeared about a week ago and I sincerely hope he never returns. In his absence Sandy is quite a gentleman and he has a standing offer of a good home with mother and sister. We still have the old Sultan, the superannuated rooster, who has begun to sprout new tail feathers since we disposed of his two sons and rivals; and now four superannuated hens survive. They have ceased to lay eggs, and those we obtained ^aearlier I estimate cost us about ten cents each. The twenty or more guineas are very amusing. After the laying season was over, when they went about in pairs, they have flocked together and it is interesting to watch them race and waltz over the lawn, always with one of their number separated and on guard.

"Lewis's only daughter had a little girl baby about two weeks ago of which he is inordinately proud.

"Mother and sister are both well. Eunice and Charlie have a new V-8 Ford coach and usually come out at week ends and bring Otis and Ethel as far as Winworth.

"The Little Schemer is getting round and roly-poly. I suppose she had a pretty good time during the absence of the Ogre. She had even a better time when the Ogre returned disabled and helpless and she had

him where she wanted him. At any rate, she did for me all that any woman can do for a man ill and helpless. Last week Ethel and I combined our efforts to induce the Little Schemer to get herself a complete new outfit of clothes. Several days in succession Ethel took her to town--after 3 p.m.!--and led her from store to store. Net result, she bought herself a new pair of corsets, a street dress and a house dress, but absolutely refused to have anything to do with winter coats. I am quite sure that you can picture what Ethel and the lady clerks in those stores experienced on each of these expeditions. Maybe if you had been here to reinforce our efforts we might have put the scheme across on the Schemer.

"We had the loveliest October weather I have ever seen, bright and pleasant, and gorgeous autumn foliage. The fine weather has lasted right up to today. We had fires for awhile but this week have let them go out, it is so warm.

"Last week I rented Lower Sunny Hill for a cash rental and Upper Sunny Hill for a share of receipts from sales, all except the houses and adjacent gardens. This will reliev^e me of much care and worry about things I cannot do myself or employ labor to do.

"Because of trouble with my hands in cold weather I have thought seriously of renting rooms in Frederick, but I can get no expression out of the Little Schemer--suspect from her manner that she is violently opposed to it because of the d--- cats, and after all we are free and comfortable at Sunny Hill, so I too hesitate, although it would cost us less to live in apartments than here.

"Well, that is about all the news of Sunny Hill at present. Please remember that we like to get letters from you and to know how you are getting along, and wish only that you were at Sunny Hill, as you ought to be.

Affectionately,
Your Uncle Lee.

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5050

Wednesday, 21 Nov.; mist and fog. It was so dark with fog that I would not try to drive to town. I spent part of the day working on the line-a-day book. Received a bill from Dr. Hedges that stunned me. It was only \$20 for all his services since last spring, including medicines, and on it was a credit of \$17 for the trees he had taken. I had expected that it would be at least \$75. Feeling quite well, but very sleepy.

Thursday, 22 Nov.; fog followed by sunshine. After breakfast drove the truck to town for service and inspection certificate. At the bank the cashier said he knew my new tenant, Mr. Baker, and he was a good man. Returning had a light luncheon at 2 p.m. Made a fire in the Whippoorwill where I listened to the radio, put a new ribbon on the typewriter, and worked on the line-a-day book. Feeling better and got through the day without lying down or taking a nap.

Friday, 23 Nov.; raining all day. After breakfast finished writing up the line-a-day book. Then got out the shorthand summary of journal^l and began transcribing it on the typewriter after an interruption of four or five months. Had it not been for this interruption this drudgery would have been over. Starting at the 3000th page. Feeling very much better.

Saturday, 24 Nov.; clear and cool. Took wife to town before noon for some shopping and had the sedan inspected and certified. We were back and had luncheon at 2 p.m. Did a little writing. Laid down. Shortly after 3 p.m. had a telephone message that Otis and Ethel were on their way out to Winworth. I drove down for them. After I got back did a little typewriting.

Sunday, 25 Nov.; clear and cold. Up late, made fire in Whippoorwill and wrote some letters. A fuse in the house burned out and wife could not cook a hot dinner. Had a repairman out to fix it. Took Otis and

(1934, Nov. S.H.)

E--5052

Tuesday, 27 Nov.; mist and fog. Up earlier than usual and had breakfast at 9 a.m. Spent the day in the Whippoorwill typewriting notes about visit to Australia. The neuritic pains of last night passing today. A very gloomy day.

Wednesday, 28 Nov.; fog, mists, and showers. Spent the day typewriting. Heard Harvard Glee Club over radio.

Thursday, 29 Nov.; fog and rain all day. Typewriting.

Friday, 30 Nov.; fog, rain and wind all day. The fourth consecutive day of fog. Had an electrician out to put in a new fuse and check up on the wiring in cellar. Shortly after 1 p.m. started to town but had trouble with the sedan and had to walk back to the house and have a man come out from Frederick. He found that the trouble came from moisture condensing on the carbureter and setting up short circuits. One of the Masser boys and some companions were out in a truck with some hounds. They parked in the road to the lower place and as their dogs were hunting on my place I put my card in the truck where it would be found and wrote on it "Hunting prohibited; place advertised and posted; better see me before you are arrested." After our return from town I had a telephone call from the boy saying he had a perfect right to hunt where he pleased. Inasmuch as he was defiant I told him that if he and his dogs were ever found on my place again I would shoot the dogs and have him arrested for trespassing, and then hung up.

A covey of partridges have been piping all day and I heard two red birds calling to each other. Rather tired from the strain of having a car that would not start and the drive to town and back.

Saturday, 1 Dec.; raining last night and until noon, then clearing. Billie Shoemaker up to cut wood. Maurice Klipp up to have me sign a petition to have his brother appointed as superintendent of County Hospital. Tried to do some typing but made poor headway.

(1934, Dec. S.H.)

E--5053

~~Saturday, 1/1/Dec 11/11~~

Feeling completely enervated from nervous strain of yesterday.

Hoping I shall feel better tomorrow.

Sunday, 2 Dec.; clear and bright. Breakfast at 11 a.m. and typing until 12.30 p.m. Drove to lower place with two panes of glass and then to Winworth to see mother and sister. Mrs. Teff Johnston was there and looked much older than when I last saw her. Returned and resumed typewriting. Have got as far as Singapore. Not feeling well and ate no supper.

Monday, 3 Dec.; showers and cold. Did not get up until 11.30 a.m. Not feeling well. After breakfast drove to town for various things and got back at 3.30 p.m. I made a fire in the Whippoorwill and listened to radio. Did not feel like work.

Tuesday, 4 Dec.; clear and cold. Typing travel notes and got as far as Bankok. Tired and not much account until late afternoon.

Wednesday, 5 Dec.; clear and cold. After breakfast I drove to town and left application for auto tags and did some errands. On the way back stopped at Winworth. One of mother's tenants, a Mrs. Germain, called. Later I took her up as far as their house. At home I resumed typewriting. Received a letter from Mr. Gladmon, Appointment Clerk, saying my "master card" had been sent to the Retirement Division on December 1st and would receive prompt attention. This was encouraging after waiting six weeks ^{for action on my} ~~after filing~~ application.

Thursday, 6 Dec.; white frost, clear and cold. Had two tons of furnace coal and one ton of smaller size brought out for the stoves. Took a nap in the afternoon. Typing travel notes.

Friday, 7 Dec.; clear and cold. A Mr. Wachter and a little boy called before we were dressed to see about selling me some rough lumber. Spent most of the day typewriting. Very cold outside.

(1934, Dec. S.H.)

E--5054

Saturday, 8 Dec.; clear and cold. Went to town for groceries in the forenoon. Rest of day typewriting. Had difficulty in getting the Whippoorwill warm enough to work in. Had to use the electric heater to supplement the coal stove.

Sunday, 9 Dec.; light snow and cold. Keeping up fires and typing travel notes. The new coal stove in Whippoorwill most unsatisfactory. Dr. Jones and several members of his family came in the afternoon. They would not stay to supper but did not leave until dusk. Very cold outside.

Monday, 10 Dec.; cloudy, snowing, cold. Wife and I went to town in the afternoon for supplies in case we should be snowbound. Typing travel notes.

Tuesday, 11 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Spent the day typewriting. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were out. They brought stoves with them for lower place and said they expected to move in Saturday.

Wednesday, 12 Dec.; clear and cold. Spent the day typewriting.

Wrote the

Retirement Div., inquiring as to status of my application,

Brown folder

(1934, Dec. S.H.)

E--5055

Thursday, 13 Dec.; clear and cold. Wife and I took dinner with mother and sister at Winworth. It was mother's birthday, the first time in my life that I knew definitely which day it was. She was in good health and had a wonderful appetite. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Baker called to ask~~ed~~ if they could put their chickens in our poultry house until they could fix a shed for them at the lower place.

Friday, 14 Dec.; clear and cold. Could not sleep and sat up from 3 to 5 a.m. and sleepy all day in consequence. Went to town in the afternoon for laundry and supplies.

Saturday, 15 Dec.; clear and cool. Typewriting travel notes, Capetown to Rio. In the evening Mr. Baker came up for some stovepipe. Said they had been moving all day. Mr. and Mrs. Hershey were up for a few minutes in the late afternoon but had to leave early for a dinner engagement.

Sunday, 16 Dec.; fair and cold. Visited mother and sister at Winworth and spent the rest of the day typewriting. Mr. Baker came for the truck I had sold him while I was absent.

(Otis and Ethel, brown folder)

16 December 1934.

"Dear Otis and Ethel:

"How about getting out here next Saturday for Sunday and Christmas? I was down to Winworth this afternoon and saw Charlie. He said that because Eunice is tied up in the store and he expects to have to work Monday forenoon it is not likely that they will come out until Monday afternoon or Christmas morning. That will not give them much time here, nor you if you wait to come out with them.

"I would suggest that if next Saturday is fair I can come in for you and be at the apartment at one o'clock. If the weather is threatening you might come out to Frederick on the bus and I can drive in for you. Then if you cannot get leave for Monday forenoon and have to be at the office, you and Ethel could drive in Sunday afternoon or Monday morning and return Monday afternoon.

"Except for good health, plenty of eats, a warm house, and lots of scenery, Christmas will be a quiet one for us this year because my income stopped last October. I have heard nothing from my appeal from the deduction of eighty dollars from my expense account, nearly two months ago. My application for restoration to retirement status, filed October 23, reached the Retirement Division December 1st, according to a notice I received this week 'and will be considered in the order of its receipt.' So far I have not bought a single present, but will try to get into the ten cent store next week.

"Mr. Baker and his family moved to Lower Sunny Hill yesterday.

Love to you both.

Daddy.

(1934, Dec. S.H.)

E--5056

Monday, 17 Dec.; cloudy, cold, and gloomy. Spent the day typing travel notes.

Tuesday, 18 Dec.; clear and pleasant. Made two trips to Lower Sunny Hill. Showed Mr. Baker the boundaries and inspected the barn and other buildings. Took wife to town for some Christmas shopping in the afternoon and got back at 5.30 p.m. Rest of evening type-writing.

Wednesday, 19 Dec.; snow, heavy fog, rain. Spent the day typing travel notes. Had to clean out the stove and stovepipe and rebuild fire in the Whippoorwill.

Thursday, 20 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Typing travel notes. Lewis was up with some groceries and did some odd jobs for us. Mr. Baker up with the truck to get a cart and some other things.

Friday, 21 Dec.; clear and warmer. Guy McKenzie and helpers were up with sawmill and started on the wood pile. Took wife to town in the afternoon for Christmas shopping and groceries. Typing travel notes in the evening.

Saturday, 22 Dec.; cloudy, gloomy, and cold. The men finished sawing the woodpile. Had a telephone from Otis that he and Ethel were at the bus station and I drove in after them. Did some type-writing afterwards.

Sunday, 23 Dec.; clear but hazy and cold. Had a nice dinner of roast sparerib and sweet potatoes. Otis and Ethel returned to Washington in the sedan after supper. Mr. Baker was up to see about material for fixing up the stable at lower place.

Monday, 24 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Otis and Ethel came out in the afternoon. We had luncheon and then Otis and I went down to Winworth with a tree in a tub for sister and a few other presents. Ethel and wife went to town in the sedan to some late shopping. Typewriting travel notes in the evening.

(1924, Nov. S.H.)

E--5057

W Tuesday, 25 Dec.; cloudy and cold. Spent the day keeping the fires going. Had a good dinner. Distributed our presents. I did some typewriting.

Wednesday, 26 Dec.; foggy morning, clear afternoon. Spent the day typing travel notes. Billie Shoemaker cutting out dead trees on the slope back of the houses. I gave him the wood for the cutting as I wanted them removed. Two little girls, one of them born in Sunny Hill House, visited wife in the afternoon.

Thursday, 27 Dec.; clear and cold. Took wife to town in the afternoon to mail some Christmas things to Thelma in California and to do some shopping. I did some typewriting.

Friday, 28 Dec.; clear and warmer. Typewriting travel notes.

Saturday, 29 Dec.; clear and pleasant. Typewriting.

Sunday, 30 Dec.; Got up late. Visited mother and sister. Typing travel notes.

Monday, 31 Dec.; clear and cold. In the forenoon took pickup to town for service and brought back supplies. Afternoon went to lower place and helped Baker measure for stalls in the stable. Had difficulty in getting the Whippoorwill warm. Did some typewriting, but it was a broken day.

(Thomas, Canada, re cost of meat production in Argentina.
Brown folder)

31 December 1934.

"Mr. L. B. Thomas,
In Charge,
Dominion Range Experiment Station,
Alta., Dominion of Canada.

"Dear Sir:

"I have your letter of December 24 and regret that I cannot answer your questions definitely. I left Argentina in December, 1924, and on my two visits since I had no occasion to discuss the question of range management. I can only give impressions of ten years ago, as follows:

"(1) So ^{far} as I know the government has no public lands suitable for grazing and probably has no settled policy with respect to them. Most, if not all, of the arable and grazing land of Argentina is under private ownership. The public lands are in the timbered Chaco, jungle areas remote from railways, semi-barren mountains, or the extreme southern portion of Patagonia. In 1924 the only people living on or utilizing these public lands were squatters without much livestock.

"(2) In 1924 the only grazing lands that might have been rented were privately owned. I do not know what the rental charges were, if any, but am under the impression that they were always on a share basis. The carrying capacity would vary from the best alfalfa as a maximum to a minimum of semiarid coarse grass, cacti, and scrub brush, depending on location. No shelter or grain feed required or used and no hay or other stover put up.

"(3) My understanding in 1924 was that land in ranches was not taxed--the proprietors of the large estates who dominated legislation saw to that. Nor were livestock taxed so long as they remained on the ranch, but a fee of so much per head was charged for a permit to move them across a township boundary, i.e., to market.

"(4) I do not know of any cost of production figures that have been published. Most of the larger estates have such data and I would expect the Argentine Department of Agriculture to have some. It is the general impression of every one at all familiar with Argentine conditions that their cost of production is about the lowest in the world, due to extraordinarily favorable conditions of climate and vegetation.

"I would suggest that for more definite information you write to Mr. Paul G. Nyhus, American Agricultural Attache, Boston Bank Building, Buenos Aires, Argentina. He is an experienced statistician and economist and is keenly interested in such questions as you have propounded.

Very truly yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5058

Tuesday, 1 Jan.; snow last night and ground covered with two inches of freezing snow and ice. Spent the day typewriting travel notes.

Wednesday, 2 Jan.; ground covered with glistening snow coated with ice. Over the snowclad valley were gr^eat patches of blazing light like the sun shining on the sea. Typing travel notes, Central America.

Thursday, 3 Jan.; clear and warmer. Snow and ice melting. Billie and Lewis up to split and haul wood to the cellar. Baker up to sharpen axes and report prices on lumber. Typing travel notes.

Friday, 4 Jan.; clear and cold. I went to town in the forenoon for supplies. Road very slippery and car slipped about a good deal even with chains on. Most of the snow was gone from the valley but on the mountain it still remained with a good deal of ice.

Wife still much interested in the Potomac Grange of Washington, D.C. of which we are still members but never attend their meetings because they are always held at night and we would either have to stay in the city over night or have a long night drive. I received a notice of a meeting this week and chucked it into the waste basket, but wife asked for it with an injured air this evening and I had to recover it for her.

Saturday, 5 Jan.; clear and cold. Snow and ice in shady places still very slippery. Spent the day typewriting. Had a radio man out to look at our sets and he took the small one back with him. His truck could not get up the hill between mail box and entrance because of ice and had to have a man out from Frederick to help get the truck out to the public road.

Sunday, 6 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Typewriting. Telephoned sister I would not be down because of the slippery road. The radio man brought out the small set and I had some good music.

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5058

Tuesday, 1 Jan.; snow last night and ground covered with two inches of freezing snow and ice. Spent the day typewriting travel notes.

Wednesday, 2 Jan.; ground covered with glistening snow coated with ice. Over the snowclad valley were gr^eat patches of blazing light like the sun shining on the sea. Typing travel notes, Central America.

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Friday, 4 Jan.; clear and cold. I went to town in the forenoon for supplies. Road very slippery and car slipped about a good deal even with chains on. Most of the snow was gone from the valley but on the mountain it still remained with a good deal of ice.

Wife still much interested in the Potomac Grange of Washington, D.C. of which we are still members but never attend their meetings because they are always held at night and we would either have to stay in the city over night or have a long night drive. I received a notice of a meeting this week and chucked it into the waste basket, but wife asked for it with an injured air this evening and I had to recover it for her.

Saturday, 5 Jan.; clear and cold. Snow and ice in shady places still very slippery. Spent the day typewriting. Had a radio man out to look at our sets and he took the small one back with him. His truck could not get up the hill between mail box and entrance because of ice and had to have a man out from Frederick to help get the truck out to the public road.

Sunday, 6 Jan.; cloudy and cold. Typewriting. Telephoned sister I would not be down because of the slippery road. The radio man brought out the small set and I had some good music.

(1935, Jan., S.H.)

E--5059

Monday, 7 Jan.; heavy fog all day. Had trouble getting a fire in the Whippoorwill. In the afternoon I drove to town over a muddy road and through the fog to leave the laundry and bring Ethel out. She had come to Frederick on the bus.

Tuesday, 8 Jan.; heavy fog all day. Wife and Ethel went to town in the afternoon, Ethel to see Dr. Hedges. I spent the day type-writing. Nearly finished reading "San Michele" by Dr. Munthe, a most interesting book.

Wednesday, 9 Jan.; heavy fog and warmer. All day typing. Have reached Trinidad. We would all like to see the sun and sky again. The ground was very soft and muddy about the house. Also the roads.

Thursday, 10 Jan.; cloudy and warmer. Ethel and wife went to town, Ethel to have an injection. In the evening Ethel came over to the Whippoorwill for awhile and said that she and Otis did not get along very well together because Otis spent his ~~she~~ salary about as fast as he got it for things he wanted without regard to the house. Also she suspected him of having affairs with other women and that he had sent her up to Sunny Hill so that he would be free for awhile. I counseled patience.

Friday, 11 Jan.; clear and bright, first in more than a week. Drove to Washington with Ethel. Wife refused to go. I took a taxi to the Civil Service Commission at 9th and F Streets and after much inquiry learned that the Retirement Division was in a building on G Street between 9th and 10th. I saw Mr. Braun, chief of the division, who said that my claim for retirement annuity had been allowed and notice was probably in the mail. Returned to Ethel's apartment and at shortly after 4 p'clock we picked up Otis at his office and he drove us out. In the mail was a letter from the Retirement Division advising me that my claim for annuity had been allowed for \$1158 (instead of the \$809 I ^{first received} ~~was getting~~), that it would be raised to

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5060

\$1200 when I reached 70, and payment would begin with November last. This was very gratifying. Also it was another telepathic coincidence that I should have thought so intently about it the previous day as to cause me to get up early and drive all the way to Washington to inquire about it when the letter of notification was then in the mail.

Saturday, 12 Jan.; clear and pleasant. Did not sleep well last night and was sleepy all day. Leslie brought up a small load of straw and said he would settle his account with me at an early date. Otis, Ethel, and wife went to town in the afternoon for supplies. I tried to do some typewriting but it was uphill work.

Sunday, 13 Jan.; cloudy and gloomy. I visited the folks at Winworth. Otis and Ethel returned to Washington after supper.

Monday, 14 Jan.; snow and high winds. I walked to the mailbox. Ethel returned in the afternoon. She said Otis was very ill last night with intestinal trouble.

Tuesday, 15 Jan.; cloudy and cold. I drove to town and left bifocal glasses with Dr. Christ for a new frame. In the afternoon three tons of coal were delivered. Wife telephoned to Washington to find out if Otis was better. Mother telephoned that there was a good picture show in town, "The Last Gentleman."

Wednesday, 16 Jan.; cloudy and very cold. Got up late. Had trouble getting the Whippoorwill warm. The new stove was a disappointment. Shortly after noon I took wife and Ethel to town. Wife and I went to the picture show mother had told us about. Ethel saw the doctor and then joined us at the theater. Then we went across to Mrs. Snyder's and had icecream, sandwiches, and coffee, and then home. Typewriting in the evening.

Thursday, 17 Jan.; four inches of snow last night and heavy fog today. Shoveled snow off steps and walks and garage entrance.

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5061

Walked to mailbox. Put chains on sedan. Read the mail. Typewriting diary notes.

Friday, 18 Jan.; clear and cold. Took Ethel to bus station at 11 o'clock to return to Washington. Received rent check and first annuity check and deposited them in bank. Also received annuity certificate. This was almost three months (lacking four days) after filing application in a perfectly clear case, because my case had already been decided in 1931 on a clear record and was suspended simply because of my temporary employment ending October 20, 1934. It shows how extremely slow and inefficient the government machinery is. Got my eyeglasses back with new frame. Brought out supplies. Feeling good over the renewal of the annuity which was a lifesaver now that I ^{had} ~~have~~ no salary and rental income ^{was} ~~is~~ both inadequate and uncertain.

Saturday, 19 Jan.; cloudy and beginning to snow in afternoon. Ground still covered with glazed snow that is difficult to walk on. Typewriting travel notes in the afternoon. Houses nice and warm.

Sunday, 20 Jan.; heavy fog and some rain. Put in an hour shoveling snow paths. Had a nice chicken dinner because we had expected Emma Burton, Otis and Ethel, but the snow prevented them from coming. Wrote some letters.

(Mrs. Kernan, 21 Jan., brown folder (see in Feb.)

(Lubin, same.

21 January 1935

"Mrs. Francis J. Gray,
623 Market Street,
Jacksonville, Florida.

"La Carissima Regina dei Cuore:

"Your Christmas card with its welcome message came the day before Christmas. I had often wondered what fate had in store for you after our short meeting in Frederick just as I was leaving for Washington to catch a train for Minneapolis and thence to New York and Buenos Aires. The coincidence of your coming to Frederick just as I was leaving was a tragedy in its way, because I had looked forward to meeting you again and showing you Sunny Hill and other interesting spots in Frederick County. Mrs. Estabrook called up the next morning with the intention of having you out, but the hotel clerk said that you had left. She spoke of calling up Walter Reed Hospital with the idea of sending you some flowers, but she got no satisfactory response.

"I had three or four very pleasant days in Minneapolis in conference with U.S. and Canadian officials, and en route to New York stopped off a few hours between trains at Chicago and saw something of the Fair. The exhibits were fine, but frankly I did not like the ultra-modernistic buildings with their ugly shapes and crude glaring colors.

"The voyage to Buenos Aires, with stops at Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo, was very enjoyable. It was made very lively as far as Rio by a U.S. Coffee Delegation of American business men who were going down at the expense and as guests of the Brazilian government. They were out for a good time--and had it.

"At Buenos Aires I met many of my old American, British, and Argentine friends. The city had improved wonderfully since I saw it in 1928. With a party of officials I visited Rosario, Santa Fe, and Bahia Blanco, which took me through the heart of the country.

"Unfortunately while in Buenos Aires I had a severe attack of neuritis that was real purgatory and lasted several months. Recovery was slow at first, but very rapid when it began and now all trace of the trouble has vanished and I have fully recovered my eyesight, so that after about a year of enforced idleness I am again plugging away at what I hope will be a book some day.

"I sometimes envy those who are so fortunate as to be able to go to a warm climate, such as Florida, the Gulf Coast, the Pacific Coast, or Bermuda, or Cuba, for the winter months. My youth was spent in Texas and I have never become reconciled to long cold winters. Every spring I feel that vegetation should begin to burgeon in February instead of April or May; and every autumn I feel like going south with the robins. But life up here has its compensations. Just think how cosy and warm we are indoors right now, with books, magazines, newspapers, and the radio giving the finest music with perfect reception; and outside the landscape is under a blanket of snow, crusty snow that is dazzling in the sunlight, and such a good reflector that the full moon of the last few nights made the landscape visible for sixteen miles and threw a broad path of light for miles across the valley. We have comforts unobtainable in warm climates and are made to realize them and appreciate them by the inclement weather outside.

"Have you seen or heard how Mascagni at 71 has just realized his greatest triumph with his new opera 'Nero'? I wish we might have been present at its presentation in the Augusteo.

"Have you read 'San Michele' by Dr. Munthe? If not, you have a treat in store for you. It gave me many a chuckle of satisfaction and it is sprinkled with Italian words and phrases and character sketches that are a pleasure to meet up with.

"Another good thing I have run across is the 'Readers Digest,' a little duodecimo monthly that skims the cream off of current litera_a.

ture--unquestionably the best of its kind now published.

"In November I had a nice letter from Miss Broad, ~~W~~ now Mrs. Sauter, who for a time was my secretary in Rome and who married a dear old German artist, much against the wishes of her stubborn British parents. She seems to be very happy and in her letter told of their joy in building a little house of their very own and setting out plants. It is situated in the hills and mountains about an hour's ride from Munich.

"Once or twice a year I receive a postcard or letter from a former landlady friend in Rome, Sra. Fitzmaurice-Scolari, an elderly Irish-French widow of an Italian gentleman, and a teacher for many years. I answered such a postcard last summer and in November received a nice letter from her. First, she said that she had come to realize that in her later years after her daughter left she had fallen into a little groove or rut and was simply vegetating; now she was reforming, rejuvenating, going out to parties, forming new acquaintances, sightseeing, and sprucing up generally. Can you imagine it, a very dignified white-haired old lady who for years had led a very lonely life!

"She was inordinately proud of her only daughter who left Rome just before I became acquainted with the mother. The daughter came to the United States to teach a course in the history of Italian art at Vassar. She had her troubles with our immigration authorities. She studied as well as taught and won a scholarship that enabled her to return to Europe for a year. Then she married an American who is now curator of an art museum in New York City. So the old mother is prouder of her daughter than ever.

"While with Sra. Scolari she had a little servant maid, a slim, blue-eyed, red-haired, bright peasant girl from the country near Milan. Mina was always bright and cheerful and I always thought of her as a

human canary bird. She used to bring in my breakfast each morning, a cast iron roll, a soft boiled egg, a little marmalade, and a cup of coffee, and was heart broken if for any reason I left anything untouched. I used to try to engage her in conversation in order to acquite some knowledge of the names of common things and ⁱIdiomatic Italian and I enjoyed watching the puzzled look on her face and the bright gleam of intelligence when it dawned on her what I was trying to say. Upon returning to the apartment after one of my trips Sra. Scolari with much formality called me into her little reception room and said that she was aware of how we Puritanical Americans regarded certain incidents in life and felt it her duty to tell me that little Mina on her afternoons off had met a carabinieri 'and the perfectly human thing happened.' -Mina was about to become a mother, and knowing that would I leave or stay? I assured her that I would stay, that I admired her humanity in keeping Mina on in her time of trouble, and that my sympathies were wholly with Mina. The next time I returned to Rome I went to a hotel. I made a courtesy call at the apartment and had a visit with La Signora. Before leaving she said Mina wanted me to see her baby. Mina brought it in. It was a little rolypoly boy baby with black curly hair and when I praised it Mina was so overcome with pride and pleasure that she could hardly speak. A year later I called. This time Sra. Scolari, in answer to my inquiry, said rather coldly that little Mina had come to a bad end.

"Last summer when I answered one of Sra. Scolari's postcards by letter I explained why I was interested in Mina, because she was so bright and cheerful and regarded me with such profound respect and timidity and tried so hard to understand my questions couched in such atrocious Italian, and I asked if she would not be good enough to tell me what had happened to her. In her last letter Sra. Scolari wrote that Mina's lover was a Carabiniere and belonged to the King's

Guard made up of picked men. The Guard had a very strict code, one of the provisions of which was that no member could marry without the approval of a council of officers. Mina's lover presented his case and asked for permission to marry. Then it came out that Mina herself was illegitimate, and the approval of the council was withheld. This was a terrible disappointment to both Mina and her lover. He had one or two years yet to serve. She became despondent. He continued to see her and tried to cheer her up. The day before his term of service expired he wrote her, 'Oggi soldato del Rey; domani libero cittadino.' (I am writing from memory, and if that is not spelled right just correct it). The next morning he called at her room and found her lying on the floor with the gas turned on. The baby had died months before. So ended poor little Mina. It does seem as if there ought to be a heaven where these tragedies can be compensated for.

"Well, my dear friend, I hope all is well with you and that your prospects are bright. What has become of Mrs. White and Catherine. Did Catherine marry and be happy ever after, as she deserved to be?

"Excuse the length of this letter. You see I am getting along as evidenced by my garrulousness. But maybe I may hope for a letter from you one of these days.

"May the fairies be good to you and the sun shine upon you.

Sincerely,

Leon M. Estabrook.

21 January 1935.

"Mr. Simon J. Lubin,
C/o Clark, Setchel & Lubin,
350 California Street,
San Francisco, California.

"Dear Mr. Lubin:

"I have read with much interest the copy of 'Address to a Group of Farmers' received with your letter of January 8. You ask for criticism. The address is a fine one and advocacy of organization of farmers is sound because, as I see it, cooperation through organization is the only ^{way} ~~is~~ out. My only doubt is as to the wisdom of advocating a new organization when there are so many already in existence--the American Farm Bureau Federation, the Patrons of Husbandry (Grange), and the Farmers Union, all nation wide in scope, and innumerable local and commodity organizations, most of them functioning about as successfully as could be expected or as human perversity and psychology will permit. I ask myself, What more than these existing organizations could a new organization hope to accomplish? Would it not be better to urge farmers to join and back up existing organizations rather than try to set up a new organization that would largely, at least, duplicate the functions of existing organizations?

"I have seen so much friction, waste effort, and needless expense due to overlapping and duplication of function in government administration that I am instinctively opposed to setting up a new organization unless it is entirely clear that existing ones do not or cannot function properly.

"With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5062

Monday, 21 Jan.; heavy fog and snow on ground. Walked to mail box before carrier came by and had to make a second trip later in sedan. Had trouble getting back because of snow and slush. Typing travel notes. Found a stray dog in the barn shed and Sandy overjoyed to have a companion.

Tuesday, 22 Jan.; snowing all day. Walked to mailbox and back. Very cold. Shoveled snow path to Whippoorwill and barn. Typewriting travel notes. Have reached Rome, 1929.

Wednesday, 23 Jan.; snowing all day. Snow has drifted and in places was three feet deep making it difficult to get about. Sister telephoned to ask if we wanted Lewis to bring anything out from town as he was going in. Baker telephoned to ask if we needed anything. I made one trip to the barn with food for the dogs and kept good fires going in the houses. It was real winter outside but warm and comfortable inside. Typing travel notes.

Thursday, 24 Jan.; clear and cold. Country beautiful under blanket of snow. Typing travel notes; Barcelona, Oct., 1929. Let the dogs out in the afternoon and they raced about in the snow. Both were lame from lying in the same position so long curled up in the hay.

Friday, 25 Jan.; clear and cold. Let the dogs and guineas out for exercise. Birds were fluttering about the feed box we had set up at the end of the grape arbor. Typing travel notes.

Saturday, 26 Jan.; cloudy and gloomy. Sister telephoned that Lewis had succeeded in getting to town and had brought out some groceries and would try to get them up to us tomorrow. He reported a gang of men trying to clear the road. Spent the day trying to get the Whippoorwill warm and typewriting. We were running short of various things and I ^{did} ~~do~~ not like the idea of being snowbound.

Sunday, 27 Jan.; clear and cold. Up late. Lewis came up about

(1935, Jan. S.H.)

E--5063

noon dragging a small hand sled piled high with groceries. He said it took him two hours to make his way up through snow drifts. He said he got out 26 men and two teams yesterday in an effort to clear a track through the snow from Shookstown to Frederick. Had trouble keeping a fire going in the Whippoorwill. Typewriting.

Monday, 28 Jan.; clear and cold. Lewis and a helper shoveled snow from the road between barn and mail box. Spent the day keeping the Whippoorwill warm and typewriting diary notes.

Landscape, sky, and air white. Snow about two feet deep and no thawing for many days.

Tuesday, 29 Jan.; cloudy and cold. All day trying to get a good fire in the Whippoorwill. Walked to the mailbox in the afternoon for first time in several days. Typing diary notes.

Wednesday, 30 Jan.; clear and cold. Up late and breakfast at noon. Lewis spent the afternoon shoveling snow. Leo, a former grocery ~~friend~~ friend of Otis, brought Otis and Ethel out in his car about dusk. The car stalled at the end of the grape arbor. They had supper with us and left at 8 p.m. because Otis wanted to see Dr. Hedges and ask him to sign a medical certificate to avoid loss of salary for two days.

Thursday, 31 Jan.; clear and cold. Up late. Tried to start the cars with the intention of going to town but neither of them would go. It was provoking to think that I had no means of going to town because I was running short of stationery, razor blades, tobacco, and other things.

Friday, 1 Feb.; clear and cold. Slept well last night. Had a good fire in the Whippoorwill for the first time in a week. Lewis came up about noon and took wife to town for some shopping. She brought out the things I needed and now we could probably go a week without recourse to town.

Saturday, 2 Feb.; clear and warmer and snow thawing for first time in ten days. Lewis brought up some groceries and chicken feed in the afternoon. Mr. Baker came up with the rent for February. I gave him an armfull of Saturday Evening Posts. Did ^ome typewriting

Sunday, 3 Feb.; cloudy and thawing a little. Up late. Had intended to walk down to Winworth but decided to telephone instead. Sister said mother fell down the stairs Thursday and had not been feeling well since. Typing diary notes.

Monday, 4 Feb.; clear and cold. Lewis hauling wood to the cellar. We used both wood and coal in the furnace. I walked to mailbox and back. Read mail and typing diary notes.

Tuesday, 5 Feb.; cloudy and cold. Telephoned sister and she said mother was getting along nicely and Eunice was with them. Also she said she would telephone when the mail carrier went by. He was very irregular after the great snow and as it was more than half a mile to the mailbox and back we did not like to make the trip uselessly. Wife brought the mail up about the middle of the afternoon. Typewriting.

Wednesday, 6 Feb.; clear and very cold--10 degrees. Breakfast at noon. Snow drifted badly and no mail today. Typewriting.

Thursday, 7 Feb.; clear and cold. More than half the day spent in getting the Whippoorwill warm. Late afternoon Lewis rode up on one of the horses with mail for two days. He said the roads were badly drifted. Had a letter from Otis saying he wanted to bring out Ethel and a young lady friend for the week end. Also had a letter from Mrs. Sauter.

Friday, 8 Feb.; cloudy. Lewis up in the afternoon with sled and groceries and the mail. Baker up for some lumber.

8 February 1935.

"Dear Otis and Ethel:

"Your welcome letters came yesterday, or rather were brought up yesterday by Lewis who rode Billy horse and led Molly Mula to break through the snow drifts. We have had a ~~fixe~~ five inch snow that drifted badly since you were here last. Lewis got through to town this forenoon for the first time since the last snow and he reports the road as impassable. He brought mail and groceries up on a sled right after noon and is now shoveling a path between the house and the Whippoorwill. He was up some days ago and dug some wood out from under the snow and got it over to the Whippoorwill. We are comfortable and have plenty to eat but don't enjoy being snowbound.

"Last week I tried to start the sedan only to find that the battery is completely dead--probably frozen. Unless we have some rain or warm weather to clear the road it may be weeks before I can get the A.A.A. man out with a charged battery.

"Because of this situation I think you had better not count on coming up to Sunny Hill until you hear from us that the road is open. Of course the young lady you ~~pe~~ speak of will be welcome, but don't you think she would enjoy her visit more after spring opens?

"We were both glad to know that you and Ethel are feeling better again. I have not been down to Winworth for weeks. Afraid to try either a car or my legs.

"Love from both to both.

Daddy and Mommie.

(1935, Feb. S.H.)

E--5065

Saturday, 9 Feb.; cloudy and warmer. Snow thawing and making slush. Announcement came over the radio that the Seth Parker was in distress a few hundred miles from Tahiti.

Sunday, 10 Feb.; fair and thawing. Walked to Winworth and back to see mother and sister. Typewriting.

Monday, 11 Feb.; cloudy and cold. Spent the day trying to get a good fire in the Whippoorwill without success. Had to depend on the electric heater. Wrote for some insurance on the new brooder house Mr. Baker had built at lower place.

Tuesday, 12 Feb.; clear and cold. I nailed a slat across the bird box to keep the guineas from getting in and eating up all the feed. Lewis^l bringing in wood for us.

Wednesday, 13 Feb.; clear and cold. Breakfast at noon. Walked to the mailbox and back. Received a check for \$60 ^{at} allowance on deductions from my expense account of last year. Typing diary notes.

Thursday, 14 Feb.; clear and thawing. Walked to mailbox and back. Mr. Baker was up for some things. Typing diary notes.

Friday, 15 Feb.; warmer and thawing. Baker came up to return some tools he had borrowed. Typewriting.

Saturday, 16 Feb.; clear and thawing. Lewis brought up some groceries for us. Typing notes for 1930 and making good progress.

Sunday, 17 Feb.; clear^a and pleasant, following rain in the night. Breakfast at noon. Telephoned sister I would not be down because of the condition of the road. Typing diary notes.

Monday, 18 Feb.; clear and warmer. Had a man out to clean out ~~ebb~~ obstructions in water pipes. Typewriting.

Tuesday, 19 Feb.; clear and cold. Lewis brought up the mail and wood to cellar. He said the road was now open. Typewriting.

Wednesday, 20 Feb.; snow flurries. Drove to town for first

(1935, Feb. S.H.)

E--5066

time in several weeks. Road was bad this side of Shookstown, partly because so many trucks were hauling wood from High Knob to Frederick. I did a number of errands in Frederick and stopped at Winworth on the way out to see mother and sister. Typewriting.

Thursday, 21 Feb.; clear and warmer. A letter from Thelma said she expected to return to Washington about the first of ^aMar. Got up late and had breakfast at noon. Typewriting.

Friday, 22 Feb.; clear but threatening snow. Otis and Ethel came out at noon with a Miss Mildred Sawyer. Typewriting.

Saturday, 23 Feb.; a blustery night with light snow in the morning. Up earlier than usual. The young people were up and moving about before wife and I awoke. Otis spent the day working on a used Chevrolet car which he expected to buy. I lost a lot of time trying to get the fire going in the Whippoorwill. Typewriting.

Sunday, 24 Feb.; a lovely day. Up rather early. Otis tinkering with the car. I drove down to Winworth to see mother and sister. We had an early supper and the young people left for Washington. Typewriting.

Monday, 25 Feb.; clear and warmer. Up late and breakfast at noon. Walked to the mailbox. A gang of men on the road breaking stone to fill holes and soft places. Typing diary notes.

Tuesday, 26 Feb.; rain and snow. Had letter from real/estate agents saying tenant of town house wanted to transfer his lease. Baker called to see if I could finance him in the purchase of a team. I declined but will probably have to do it. Typing diary notes.

(Shannon & Luchs, brown [✓]folder)

26 February 1935.

"Messrs. Shannon & Luchs,
1505 H Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

"Gentlemen:

Attention of Mr. Wallace Luchs, Jr.

"Today I have your letter of February 23 relative to Mr. Rafferty's desire to transfer the lease of 1026 17th St. N.W.

"I had thought that the question of leasing the property was settled last year when the tenant signed a lease for five years, including a rather stringent provision for liberal reimbursement in the event the property was sold before the expiration of the lease. It was because of the length of the term of the lease that I consented (1) to a reduction in the monthly rental, and (2) to pay for alterations and repairs desired by the tenant. Roughly these repairs and renovations, plus the taxes and insurance, ate up the rental payments so that I had practically no income from the property for the year 1934; but I paid for them to make the place satisfactory to the tenant so that I might hope for an income from the property during the next four years of the life of the lease.

"With respect to this property I want two things: (1) a reasonable net income on its assessed value; and (2) that the property be kept in rentable and salable condition. Provided these conditions are met, I care little who occupies and manages the property, for which reason I am willing to consider a transfer of the present lease, with special reference to the following considerations:

"(1) The financial responsibility of the new tenant. Would Mr. Rafferty be willing to guarantee prompt payment of the rentals by the new tenant?

"(2) The matter of repairs, alterations, renovation, etc. Would Mr. Rafferty undertake to guarantee that the alterations, repairs, and renovations made at his request in 1934 will be satisfactory to the

new tenant for the year 1935? Will the new tenant agree to take over the property in its present condition and not ask for alterations, renovations and repairs that are not absolutely necessary to prevent damage to the property?

"Your records will show that I have always been willing to pay for necessary repairs to roof, plumbing, and things of that sort when necessary, but I do not propose to repaper or redecorate the house for each new tenant or each new year.

"(3) The forfeiture clause in case of sale before lease expires. Will the new tenant insist upon the same provisions as Mr. Rafferty wanted in the lease? I signed the lease with these provisions in it only because it was to run for five years. Now it appears that the tenant wants to crawl out of his contract before the first year is up. That is not satisfactory to me and I shall want to know what the new tenant proposes to do.

"(4) Forfeiture for breaking the lease. A contract which is supposed to be of mutual advantage to both parties should be reciprocal in its terms. The present lease provides forfeitures to the tenant and in case the property is sold before expiration of the lease, presumably to protect the tenant against loss involved in the sale of the property during the life of the lease. That is reasonable, of course; but why cannot the lease contract provide a forfeiture to protect the owner from loss arising from the breaking of the terms of the lease, such as failure to pay the monthly rental, damage to the property, or transfer of lease?

"The foregoing are some of the things to be considered in connection with the proposal to transfer the lease. Under the terms of the present lease the tenant can hold the property for another four years. At present it seems to be to my advantage that he continue in possession so long as he pays his rent; but if it should be to my ad-

vantage to sell the property before the lease expires I would have to pay him liberally for the cancellation of the lease. Mr. Rafferty seems to think that it will be to his advantage to transfer his lease. What can he do or offer to make it appear to be to my advantage?

"It may not be inappropriate to call attention to the fact that the monthly remittance of the rent reaches me after the fifteenth, whereas the lease provides for payment in advance, on or about the first of the month.

Very truly yours,

Leon M. Estabrook.

(1935, Feb. S.H.)

E--5067

Wednesday, 27 Feb.; bright sunshine and about three inches of snow. Telephoned Mr. Baker I would indorse his note to enable him to borrow \$300 for a team and a cow. In the mail was a check for a further refund of \$16 on my travel expense account. The accounting officers of the government had spent three months obtaining refunds from railway and steamship companies for the difference between single and round trip tickets. Just another instance of the crass stupidity and inefficiency of the officials of the Federal government under the New Deal. I had been kept out of my money, borrowed ~~my~~ money, for four or five months, in suspense and uncertainty as to whether I would ever be able to recover it, and the cost of correspondence to the government greatly exceeded the amount involved.

Typing diary notes. Very comfortable in spite of the cold.

Thursday, 28 Feb.; clear and cold. Lewis brought up some groceries for us in the afternoon. Could not get the coal stove in the Whippoorwill to burn. Typing diary notes. Having trouble with a crick at the back of my neck. Suspect it comes from the awkward position I occupy at my desk in order to read my shorthand notes.

Friday, ① March; fair and warmer. Slept late and breakfast at noon. Lewis bringing wood to cellar. Typewriting.

Saturday, 2 March; clear and pleasant. Breakfast at noon. Drove to town in sedan for supplies. Men working on road. Baker said he could get his loan for a team with my indorsement. Read papers and did some writing.

Sunday, 3 March; clear and warmer. Breakfast at noon. A young couple, the man from Florida, called to see about work. Started drafting an article on "65 Years--and What?", biographical in nature.

Monday, 4 March; cloudy and cool. Drove pickup to town for first time in many weeks and had it serviced. Had small hot water bags in my coat pockets to keep hands warm, which is necessary because of

poor circulation in fingers. On the way to town one of the bags leaked and wet the seat of my trousers. I did not realize what was happening because the water was warm and about the same temperature as my body. Because of this I did not go to a barber's for a hair cut as I intended lest the wet trousers leave a wet seat, which might be embarrassing. Typing diary notes in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 5 March; cloudy and warmer. Breakfast at noon. Drove to mail box with wife for the mail. Just before supper Mr. Baker came up with the rent and I asked him to finish the pruning. I had written a letter to Leslie Masser asking him to settle his account for the purchase of the straw last fall and pay for the harness if he wished to keep it, otherwise I would take it back. I gave the letter to Mr. Baker to mail. He had no sooner gone than Leslie appeared, the two having passed each other on the drive. He said he had come to pay for the straw, but would prefer not to buy the harness. This was exactly what I had written in the letter he had not yet had time to receive. After he left I telephoned Mr. Baker to hold the letter. This was just another instance of telepathic coincidence.

Wednesday, March 6; clear and mild. Did not sleep well last night and sleepy all day. Up earlier than usual. Went to town for a haircut and some pruning shears. Stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister. Both well and sister painting interior woodwork. Eunice was there and very huffy about something. She made a nasty remark about "What is mother going to do now that I had the Bakers to look after the flowers." I said she would do about as she had always done, get flowers at Sunny Hill for the hotel and supervise the picking, packing, and shipping; and as for her own flowers she could ship them with ours.

Thursday, 7 March; rain and fog. Breakfast at noon. Got the

Ran out of white paper and cannot go to town for more because of raging blizzard. @pril 8)

mail and read it. Drafted a form of agreement for Mr. Baker to sign giving me a lien on his team and cow bought with the money obtained on the note I indorsed. Typing diary notes.

Friday, 8 March; snowing, cold and gloomy. Went to town for groceries. In the afternoon a Mr. Reeder and a young man called to get me to subscribe for the American Agriculturist. I declined. They staid to talk for two hours. I did some writing and then started to list plant material for sale at Sunny Hill with approximate prices, for benefit of Mr. Baker. Mr. Reeder said Baker was a good man.

Saturday, 9 March; clear and cold. Did not get to sleep until after 3 a.m. and was up at 10 a.m. I spent the afternoon working on the price list of plant material. Also typing diary notes. Grass beginning to green up a little and crocus buds to show color.

Sunday, 10 March; raining and cold all day. Got up late. At 1 p.m. drove to Winworth to see mother and sister. Charlie and Eunice and Mrs. Johnston of Washington were there. After my return began typing plant price list. In the afternoon heard over the radio an address by Father Coughlin, priest demagogue, obsessed with the idea that the bankers of the country have a strangle hold on the government and economic wellfare of the people. We had a nice supper of boiled beef and dumplings.

Monday, 11 March; light rain all day. Up late and breakfast at noon. Made fire in the Whippoorwill and started for mailbox, but met Catherine Masser with the mail on her way to visit wife. Spent afternoon typing diary notes. Much warmer.

(1935, Mch. S.H.)

E--5070

Tuesday, 12 March; raining last night and today. A good day to stay indoors. Had a good fire and spent the day typewriting. Grass looking greener. Ground soft and mushy.

Wednesday, 13 March; snowing last night and very beautiful in the morning. clearing today and warmer. The mail had not come at noon when I went to the box and wife made a trip at 2 p.m. and got it. Typing notes.

Thursday, 14 March; clear and cold and ground very soft. In the mail was a letter from Ola Weaver and bill of lading for some flower boxes I had ordered. Had trouble getting a fire in the Whippoorwill. Stove and chimney do not work when the wind is in certain directions and even paper and kindling will not burn. Typing.

Friday, 15 March; clearing and thawing. Mr. Baker brought out the shipment of flower boxes early afternoon. Also one of the boys brought up a horse he had bought. I went to town for the laundry and supplies. Then read the papers.

Saturday, 16 March; clear and warmer. Gray Toes, the cat, had kittens last night. She was very quiet about it. She had them in a box in the sitting room and was purring most of the time. Within an hour the kittens were nursing. Cleaned out the Whippoorwill and then some typewriting. Otis and Ethel came in the afternoon.

Sunday, 17 March; clear, warm, quiet, and pleasant. Up late. Had Otis remove chains from sedan. They had been on for more than a month. Spent an hour or more with the family at Winworth. Otis and Ethel drove to town for Sunday papers. Had some good radio music. Typing some diary notes. Grass greening rapidly.

Monday, 18 March; fair and cold. Lewis up to haul out manure. Otis went to town for a piece of stovepipe and groceries. Lewis brought up a woodstove from Winworth. Typewriting.

Tuesday, 19 March; cloudy and cold. Otis and I took the new

coal stove out of the Whippoorwill and set up the wood stove in place of it. Had some trouble fitting the pipe but had a good fire within a few minutes. The coal stove had been a great disappointment. The large wood burner I had in previous years was satisfactory except that it was ugly and every time the lid was raised to put in wood smoke and ashes^s came into the room and covered everything. Also it required constant attention. I paid \$23 for the coal stove, pipe, and mat, because it was ornamental and because coal was to be burned I had expected it to be clean, furnish plenty of heat, require but little attention, and burn all night. It was ornamental but gave off very little heat, sometimes went out in the daytime, and rarely carried coals over until the ^ext morning. All through the coldest months I it rarely heated the room and I had to supplement it with the electric heater which cost as much as the coal I was burning. It leaked ashes at every pore and everything in the Whippoorwill was covered with a layer of dust.

In the afternoon wife and Ethel went to town to do some shopping. I was astonished when wife brought out a bottle of wine for me because she has always been so bitterly opposed to drinking alcohol in any form. My supply of homemade wine that I made in 1933 was exhausted this week. I had drank it freely the last two years. Unfortunately I was away last fall when the grapes were ripe and wife let them go to waste. For the last month or two the supply in the barrels was low and full of dregs. Also I had put some mineral oil in each barrel to seal the wine and this oil was next to the ~~dregs~~ dregs when it got low, so that the wine I have been drinking for some weeks has had both dregs and oil in it. Because of this I was not very sorry when the supply gave completely out. The bottle she brought out was port and ten years old and very good.

Did some typewriting.

(1935, March, S.H.)

E--5072

Wednesday, 20 March; clear and warmer. Mrs. Ola Weaver telephoned out from Washington that she would drive to Frederick and wanted us to meet her to show her the way out to Sunny Hill and would be there "about 1 o'clock." Otis and I drove in and did some errands and then waited at the corner of 4th and North Market Streets where wife had told her to meet us. We were there twenty minutes before the time set and Otis and I stood about for more than an hour. There was no place to sit down and I did not dare leave because Otis would not be able to recognize Mrs. Weaver. I became completely ^{an} exhausted from standing so long. Thinking perhaps she had missed us in some way or had been delayed, I tried to telephone wife that we would not wait any longer, but it was fifteen minutes before I could get wife over the telephone. We drove back and at 2.20 p.m. were sitting down to luncheon when Mrs. Weaver and a family group drove up. During the course of conversation it developed that they had waited at their house until the children came home from school so they could be brought out with them and they had not left Washington until long after I was standing and suffering at the corner in Frederick. I told wife that hereafter if anyone wanted me to meet them in Frederick to tell them to go to the Scott Key Hotel and ~~wait for~~ and from there telephone out that they were ~~there and to wait~~ ^{ing} wait for me to come in for them. I could do this in fifteen minutes and avoid a long and uncertain wait. They left at 4 p.m. Mr. Baker and sons were up doing some pruning. I was too tired to do anything.

Thursday, 21 March; showers in the night, ^{at} far today. Lewis pruning grapevines and Bakers pruning apple trees. I was feeling badly from the effects of yesterday, neuritis in left leg and other places, neuralgia in one of my teeth, headache, and general lassitude. Felt much as I did last October.

(1935, March, S.H.)

E--5073

Friday, 22 March; clear and pleasant. Late breakfast. I went to town for supplies. The Bakers were up in the afternoon and cleaned out the packing room and picked about a dozen bunches of early narcissus. They took a good deal of my time. Ethel went to town for some things. Otis tinkering with his old car.

Saturday, 23 March; cloudy, showers, cold and disagreeable. I did not sleep well last night because of neuritic pains in my legs. Spent the day typing diary notes. Wife and Ethel went to town in the late afternoon. Buds swelling fast and Forsythia beginning to show color. Crocuses in full bloom and the little Star of Bethlehem beginning to bloom on the terrace.

Sunday, 24 March; a beautiful clear day. I got up before I was fully awake this morning because I looked at the clock and thought it was noon. When I raised the curtain I saw it was only 9 a.m. Otis and Ethel had already been to town. At 1 p.m. I drove down to Winworth to visit mother and sister. At 3.30 p.m. we had a nice roast chicken dinner. Otis and Ethel presented me with a bottle of port wine, a box of cherry candy, and a birthday card. I wrote some letters. Three cars were driven up in the afternoon by people looking for flowers.

Sixty-six years old today. This is a good place to halt the record. It is something accomplished simply to have written it. In doing so I have lived my life over again. Experience last year and just last week make me realize that I am no longer young; in fact I am old. What lies in store for me I know not, but I have lived a life most interesting to me, and what remains I shall try to live gracefully and agreeably.
